JANUARY 1988

AUSTRALIAN

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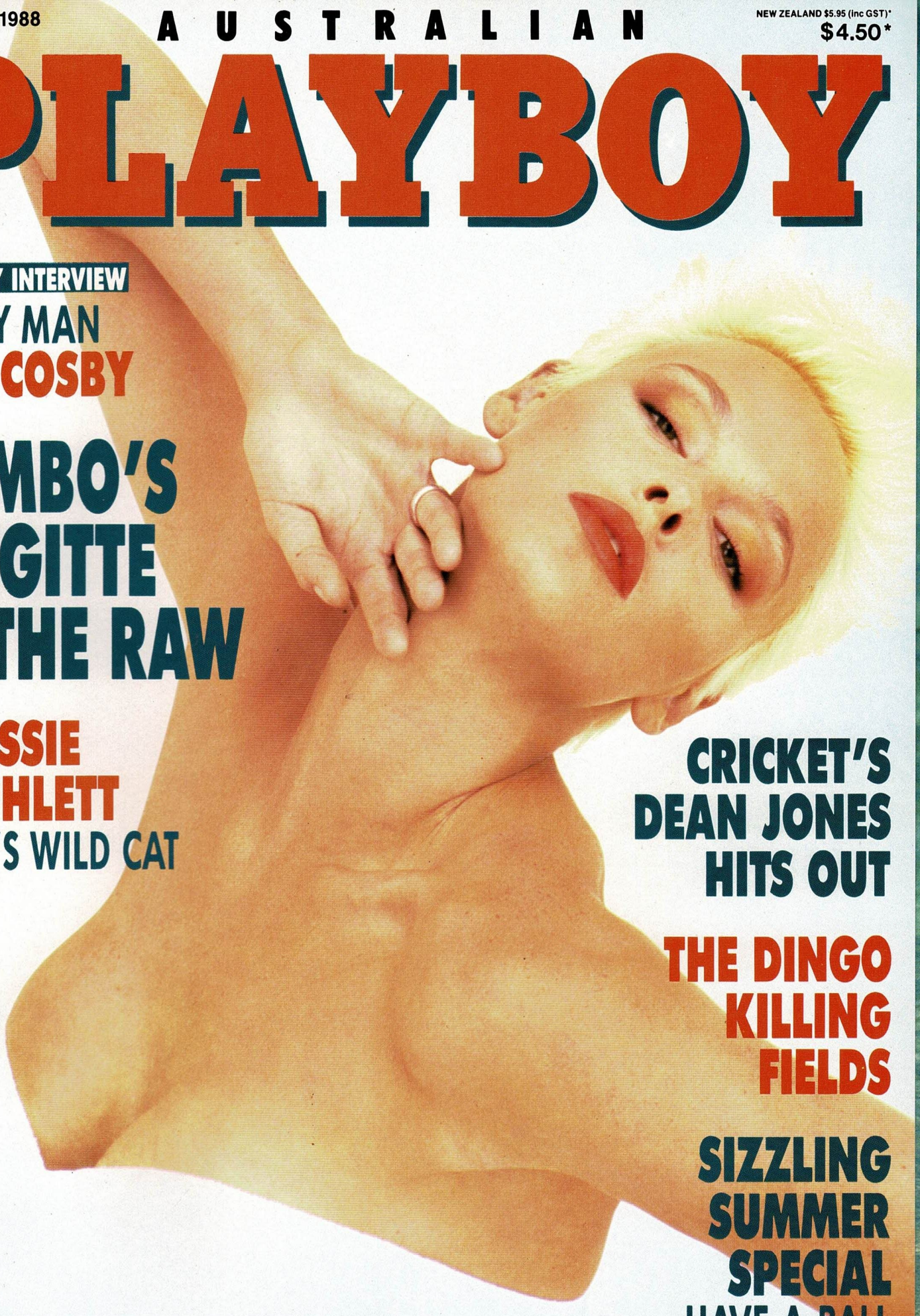
PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
FUNNY MAN
BILL COSBY

RAMBO'S
BRIGITTE
IN THE RAW

CHRISSIE
AMPHLETT
ROCK'S WILD CAT

CRICKET'S
DEAN JONES
HITS OUT

THE DINGO
KILLING
FIELDS

SIZZLING
SUMMER
SPECIAL
HAVE A BALL

WIN A WEEKEND WITH THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

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PLAYBILL

Guess what we've got for your New Year present this January! Give up? Well, just dip inside and get an eyeful of our *Playmate Review*, in which we present the 12 lovelies we featured from January to December 1987. Then take note that if you help us choose our Playmate Of The Year we're offering you a chance to win a weekend with the lady in question. And don't tell us it's too hard!

While you've got your wits about you, get a load of the kind of beauty you'll be feasting your eyes on all through 1988 with our Miss January, the delectable India Allen, photographed by **Arny Freytag.** And if that's not enough, we've also got the most revealing shots you've yet seen of Sly Stallone's wayward bride, Brigitte Nielsen, not to mention some very horny piccies of what people are up to at the beach this year, titled *The Wet Set.*

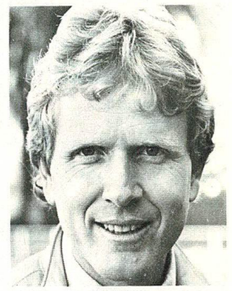
Talking about the beach, we're also throwing a mammoth *Beach Ball* and you're invited! Inside you'll find page after page of sun, surf and sex in our fun-filled guide to the best of summer. And on the assumption that no holiday is quite complete without a few pointers to how to cope with the fair sex, we've also included an *aide-memoire* to the etiquette of the one-night stand by **Liz Brody**, dubbed, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, *Wham Bam, Thank You, Ma'am!* The eye-catching artwork is by **Mirella Bordignon.**

Okay, on to more serious things now. Did you know that Bill Cosby is the richest entertainer in the world? With an income of $80 million in 1987, you'd better believe it. We sent **Lawrence Linderman** along for a revealing Playboy Interview to find out the man's views on subjects as diverse as South Africa, fatherhood and the competition — Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor. At the same time we despatched AFI Award-winning actress **Candy Raymond** on another important mission — to pose some hard-hitting questions for Chrissie Amphlett, the dynamic lead singer of the Divinyls. Hell-cat or just one of the girls? You'll find out when you read *20 Questions.*

The Australian native dog has had more than its fair share of headlines over the years since the Azaria Chamberlain affair. But the question still remains: is the dingo a ruthless killer or simply misunderstood? Read *Give A Dog A Bad Name* by **Brian Jackman** and find out. The photography is electrifying! And while truth may be stranger than fiction, we still think you'll get a shock or two from this month's ripper yarn, *Glimmer, Glimmer* by **George Alec Effinger**, with some eerie art by **Pater Sato.**

Just over a year ago, young Victorian batsman Dean Jones stood out under the hot Indian sun with his score teetering in the mid-80s, a magnificent achievement under any circumstances, but not sufficient to daunt the Indian Test team. Run by agonising run he made it to his first century, fighting nausea and fainting fits — and then he made it a double just for luck! **Ken Piesse** tells the story of his incredible feat and describes the career that has brought Jones to the very brink of Test cricket superstardom in *And Along Came Jones.* Also in a sporting vein, motoring editor **Rob Luck** tells what it's like to take part in Down Under's own destruction derby, the Wynns Safari. Our home-grown version of the Paris-Dakar marathon for four-wheel-drives, the Wynns Safari is now the next toughest race in the world, a true test of strength for any vehicle.

Apart from all that we've got all our regular columnists firing on all cylinders, what with **Cynthia Heimel**'s witty Women column, **Asa Baber**'s acerbic look at the world of Men, and **Dan Jenkins**'s hilarious view of Streetlife. **Seth Gregory** gives you the low-down on Swiss banks in his Money column, **Graham Barry** tells you what's going down in the world of Showbiz, and **Bettina Arndt** simply tells you how it's all done in Sex News. All we can say is, a happy New Year to you too!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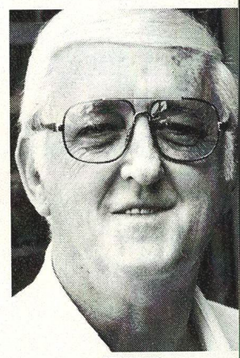
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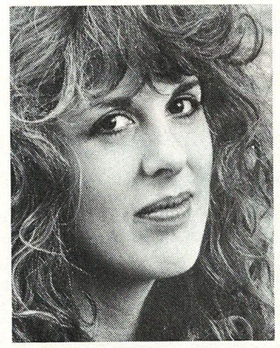
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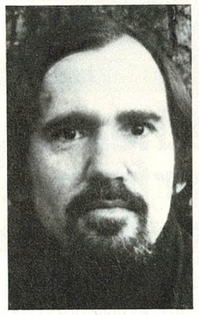
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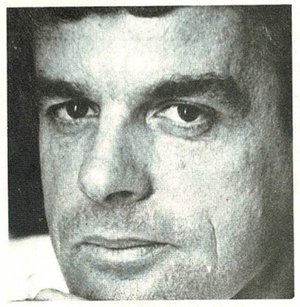
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PLAYBOY

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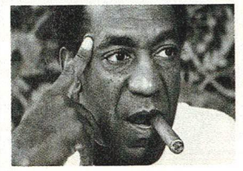

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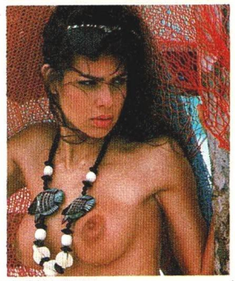

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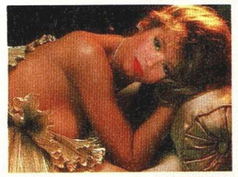
India Allen's name isn't the only exotic thing in her life.



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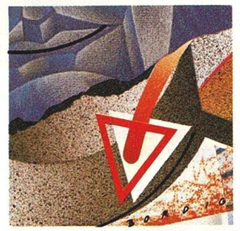

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The etiquette of the one-night stand.

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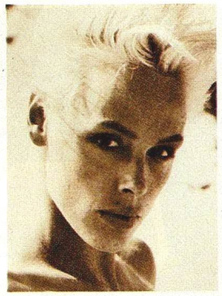

The second Mrs Stallone strips off for a steamy pictorial.

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20 QUESTIONS: CHRISSIE AMPHLETT

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Vote for your favorite centrefold and you could win a weekend with our next Playmate Of The Year.

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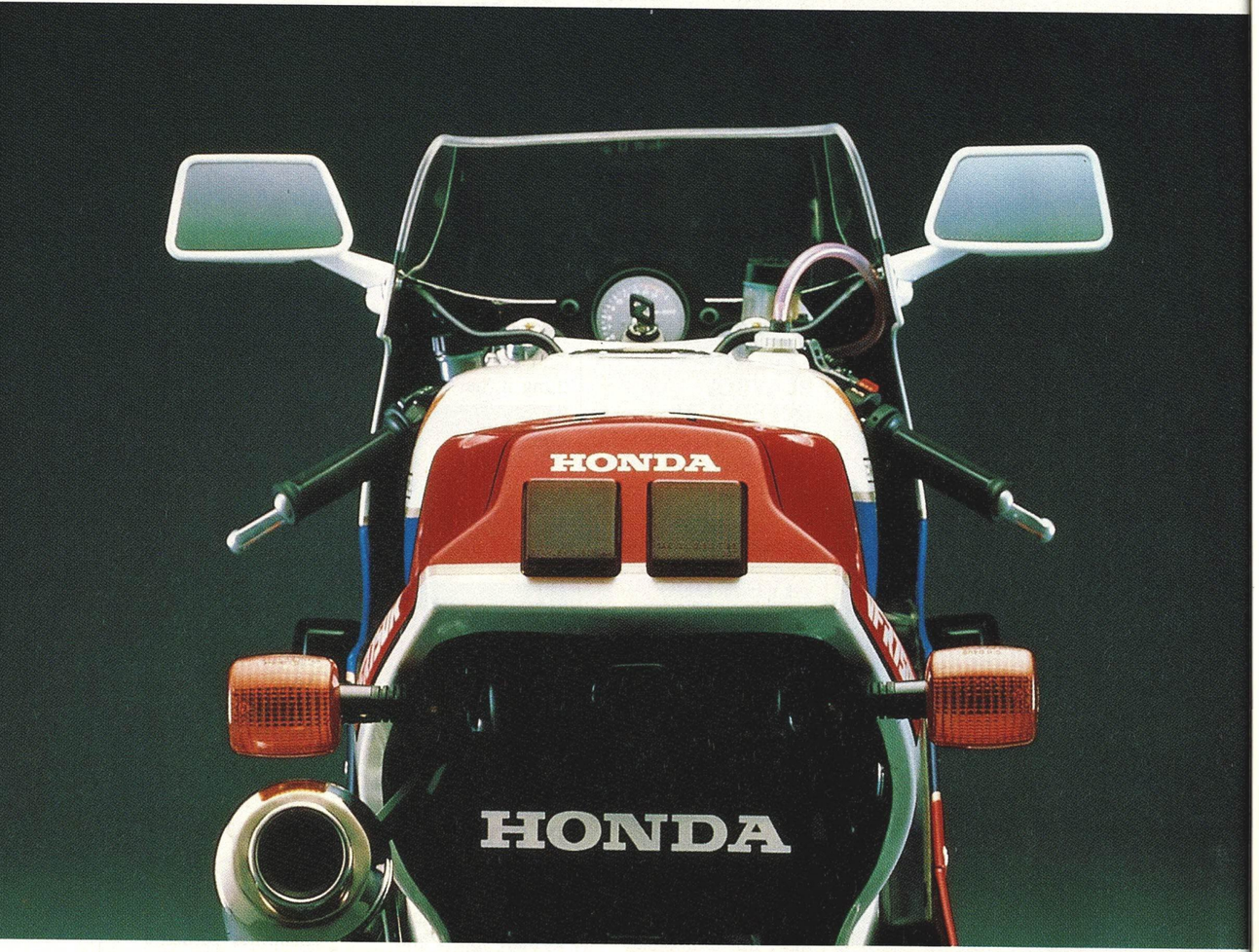
HONDA For the new horizons

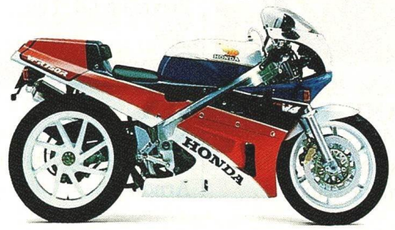
$13,950* Race Ready



To ask $13,950 for an ordinary motorcycle would be "outrageous". To ask $13,950 for a limited run, factory race machine should be considered "outstanding".

Introducing the Honda VFR750R.
Honda Racing Corporation (HRC) who designed and built the awesome RVF750, collaborated with Honda R & D to produce this road registerable, 'production' class version of their ultimate V4 race machine.

The VFR750R is not a 'replica' of the RVF750, it is a race machine in its own right, designed and developed using RVF technology to fulfill the privateers need for an 'equaliser'.



These hand-finished machines will be in limited volume for Australia, with deliveries due to start from February 1988.

You can be one of the quickest in town, but only if you're one of the quickest to your Honda dealer to place your order.

The Honda VFR750R – race ready and built for the true enthusiast. *Suggested Retail price not including on road costs.

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HONDA VFR750R

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

PARADISE LOST

Thank you for having the courage to publish *Strangers In Paradise* in October *Australian Playboy*. This radio station [2SER-FM] broke the initial Watts interview with Bavadra official Noor Dean in which he suggested Rabuka's men in balaclavas were "not quite Fijians".

We chased Weinberger for a very evasive response and, along with Melbourne-based Public Radio News Service and others, we eventually sent Lillyman to Fiji where he established more evidence pointing to American involvement.

This included eye-witness accounts of at least *four* large American military transport planes arriving in Fiji just before and just after the coup. Some of those came in late at night without the usual official clearances and ground staff were kept away while large and unspecified cargoes and/or personnel were unloaded. The US has *still* provided no explanation of those highly unusual movements.

While investigating all this, Lillyman was constantly pursued and spied on by the Fijian security forces, narrowly avoiding the kind of detention and harassment Rosemary Gillespie and others have complained of.

Despite our government's wishful thinking about things returning to "normal", all is still not well in "paradise". And our leaders have done little to question our allies on their part in the whole sorry story.

Stafford Sanders,
Radio 2SER-FM, Sydney.

CARMEN CARES

I'd like to express my thanks for your luscious pictorial of Carmen Berg in the August issue.

Being a former seminary student and still a practising Catholic and nudist, I was delighted to read about Carmen's attitude toward religion and her practical contributions to society by helping others.

I'd like to add that I don't find any contradiction between religion and posing nude. After all, if one accepts that God is the creator of all, and has bestowed on each of us unique talents or gifts, then why not thank God for the physical beauty of Carmen?

J. Rafferty,
Annerley, Qld.

Most of the girls you feature in *Australian Playboy* seem to be models or aspiring actresses (and why not with their stunning good looks?) but it did make a nice change to read Carmen Berg's story in August and discover that she volunteers her spare time to help needy people. It makes a little more sense than spending every weekend in the gym or on the beach.

You're terrific, Carmen.

Jeff G.,
Bankstown, NSW.

HOW TO CHOOSE?

I had just decided to vote for Anna Clark (Miss May) as Playmate Of The Year when along came your November issue and, oh God, there was Brandi Brandt.

Now what am I supposed to do? How's a guy supposed to choose? Don't you *Australian Playboy* people have any sympathy for the predicament of your readers? I'm going mad.

Eddie W.,
Katoomba, NSW.

Eddie, you can vote for more than one Playmate. Heck, you can vote for all 12 if you like. No, we haven't much sympathy for you. In fact, here's another pic of Brandi to send you crazy! We can think of worse ways to go mad — Ed.

WORTHY WINNER

It's probably a bit late to tell you but, anyway, I saw your Playmate Of The Year, Felicity Collins, in Perth at the Electronics Show.

She is so charming, friendly and beautiful... she gave me the June issue of *Australian Playboy*, autographed it, we talked and, wow, she is truly a worthy winner of your top title.

T.H. Ong,
Osborne Park, WA.

THOSE DREADED STDs

David Black's article in August, *A Calm Look At AIDS*, made sensible and enlightening reading, and your special feature on the Australian nightlife scene was a welcome change from the US-dominated reports.

However, AIDS is becoming a media affliction. A few years ago it was herpes, now it's AIDS. And while heterosexuals are now carefully considering condoms to prevent the spread of AIDS, we do seem to forget that there's a greater chance of being at risk from sexually transmitted diseases such as gonorrhoea and genital warts than from AIDS.

Phillip Majcherski,
Monash, ACT.

WHICH KAREN?

My flatmate and I have been arguing about who was the first *Australian Playboy* centrefold. I said it was Karen Pini and he said it was Karen West. Which Karen was it?

Clint Nugent,
Surfers Paradise, Qld.

What? You mean to say you missed out on a copy of May 1987 with our special reprise of Australian Playboy's 100 issues? Better get on to our back copies department right now, Clint. And to settle that debate: your mate's wrong. It was Karen Pini who appeared as the first Playmate in the February 1979 issue. Hope you had money riding on it — Ed.

MORE DANNY ROSE, PLEASE

I write to say how much I enjoyed the article by Danny Rose in the August issue about holidaying in Tahiti for single men.

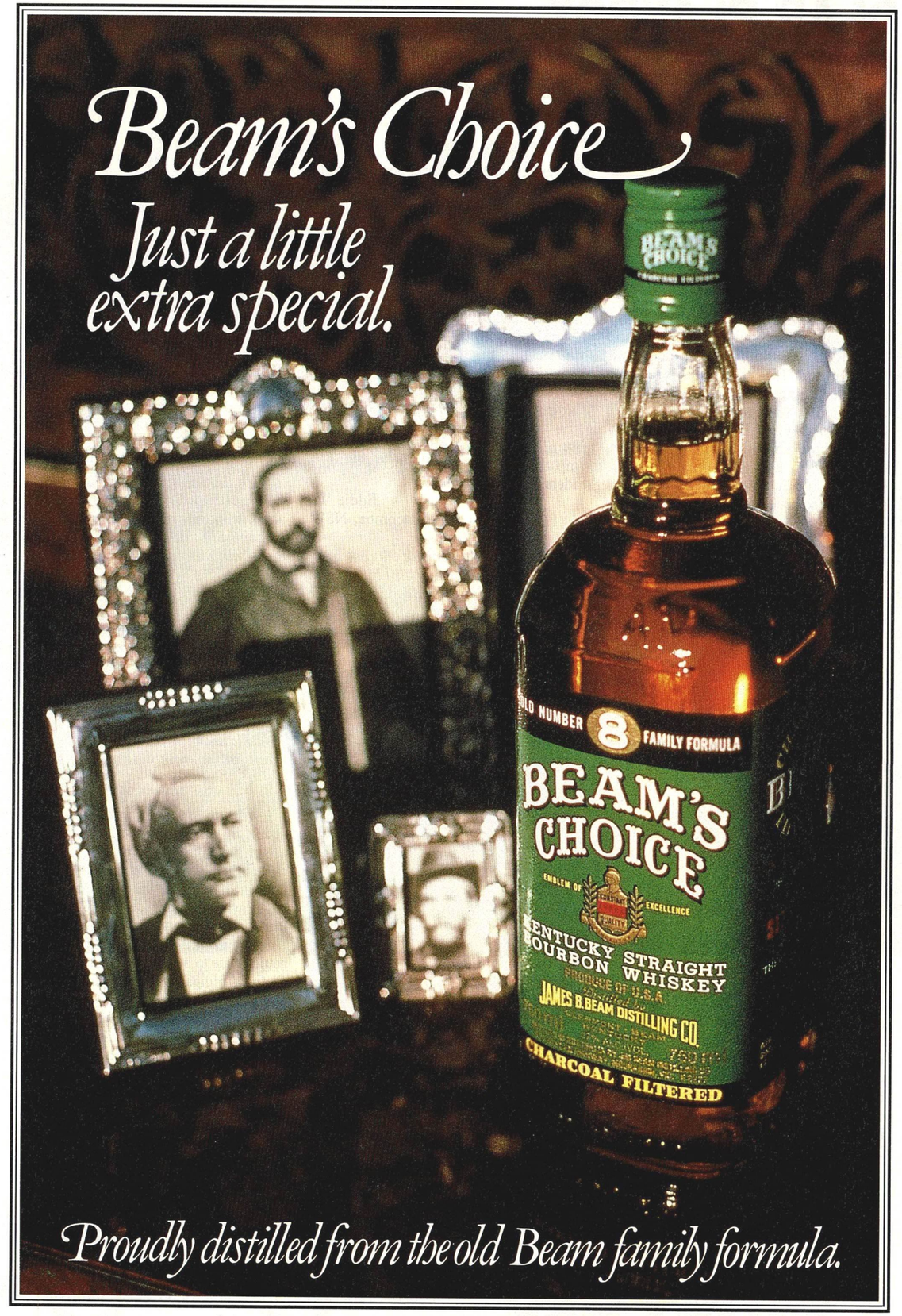
Being single I found it most appealing reading some facts, figures and vital statistics about what could otherwise be called an intrusion into paradise.

Single men, whether or not on the prowl, could relate to being "honed as hell. . . you go from bungalow to bungalow (when in Tahiti) rapping carefully. . . on all the sliding glass doors, saying, Mary Jane? Mary Jane?"

I look forward to reading further articles by Danny Rose, not to mention seeing further appealing pictorials of the lovely female body.

Andrew McLean,
Kenmore, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.



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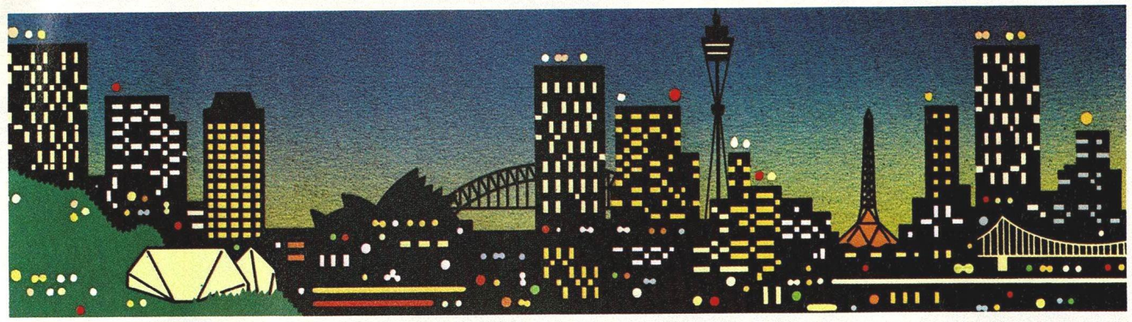
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BIG BUST

After one week of schooling, the current class of the Arizona Task Force On Marijuana Eradication (ATFOME?) got a dose of on-the-job training. Some 50 armed narcs raided three homes near tiny Arivaca where surveillance had indicated marijuana was growing. At the first one they found a greenhouse full of tomato plants but no pot. At the second there were more tomatoes. At the third they found a naked woman out for a walk, but no weed. The empty-handed narcs were reported to have caps with the slogan ARIZONA WEED WARRIORS, CUT'N'BURN, 1987 TASK FORCE. We're thinking of writing to them for tomato recipes.

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Now that Joe Bugner and Jeff Fenech have raised Australian boxing to new heights of respectability we tend to forget that the noble art is still not treated as seriously as it might be everywhere. In Newport, South Wales (the old one, that is), the British Boxing Association's first ever promotion was due to start at 7.30pm, but failed to get off the ground until 10.15 because the first four contestants never turned up. An eyewitness reports that the next contestant, who was incidentally banned by the British Board of Boxing Control, climbed into the ring to say he had flu and was therefore too weak to perform.

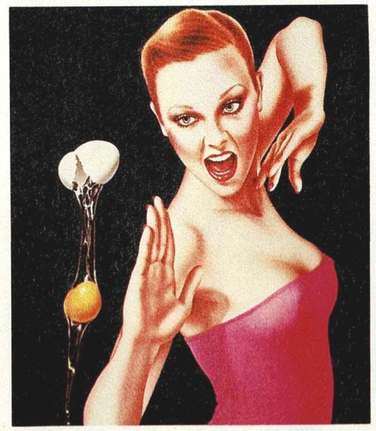
"After that the first fight started," said our man at the ringside, "but finished eight seconds into the first round because of a knockout. This was followed by a five-round exhibition match between Bob Dooley and Jack Knox, but as they are both over 50 their breathing was so heavy after the second round that the crowd — who only numbered 47 — booed them off.

"Finally, the main bout was cancelled because Danny Tanner, who was to have faced Joe Board, sent a message to say that while he was riding his motorbike to Newport he had decided to give up boxing and become a dirt-track racer, so he has gone to the Isle of Man instead."

JUST SAY NEIGH

Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania report that the use of anabolic steroids on racehorses is causing mating problems among stallions. The horses are uninterested in sex, cannot achieve a proper erection or cannot ejaculate. Apparently they respond well to behavior therapy and the administration of anti-depressants or anti-anxiety drugs.

Unfortunately we have heard whispers of secret reports that say they have begun to show an uncanny resemblance to East German lady weightlifters.



HOLD IT! THAT FART COULD BE FATAL

Scientists probing the world's ozone layer, the skin of protective gas which prevents us from being fried by deadly ultra-violet rays, have been turning their attention more and more to a mysterious hole the size of Australia which hovers 12 to 22km above the South Pole. One of the main causes of destruction of the ozone layer is chemicals used in the ubiquitous aerosol spray.

A lesser known danger to the world's own little sun screen is methane gas, the concentration of which in our atmosphere is growing one percent per year from flatulent livestock — or in other words, from sheep and cows who apparently fart on a humongous scale. Perhaps the guy who wanted to harness his sheep's gaseous outpourings to drive his car with wasn't such a nut after all.

Be that as it may, the next time you feel the urge to fart at the dinner table, don't just think of the other guests' feelings — this could be the fart that destroyed the world.

GETTING PISSED, LITERALLY

When the sales of Corona, a light Mexican beer, grew by 170 percent over the past year in the US, jealous competitors weren't prepared to take it lying down. They spread the rumor that the unique flavor was the result of its being contaminated with urine in the brewery in Mexico City.

When the importers, Barton Beers, first heard the rumors, their initial reaction was to ignore them, but after the rep in Orange County, California, had queries from 35 separate retailers they took Heineken importers Luce And Son Inc to court and won an out-of-court settlement and a public statement from the defendant declaring the beer free of contamination.

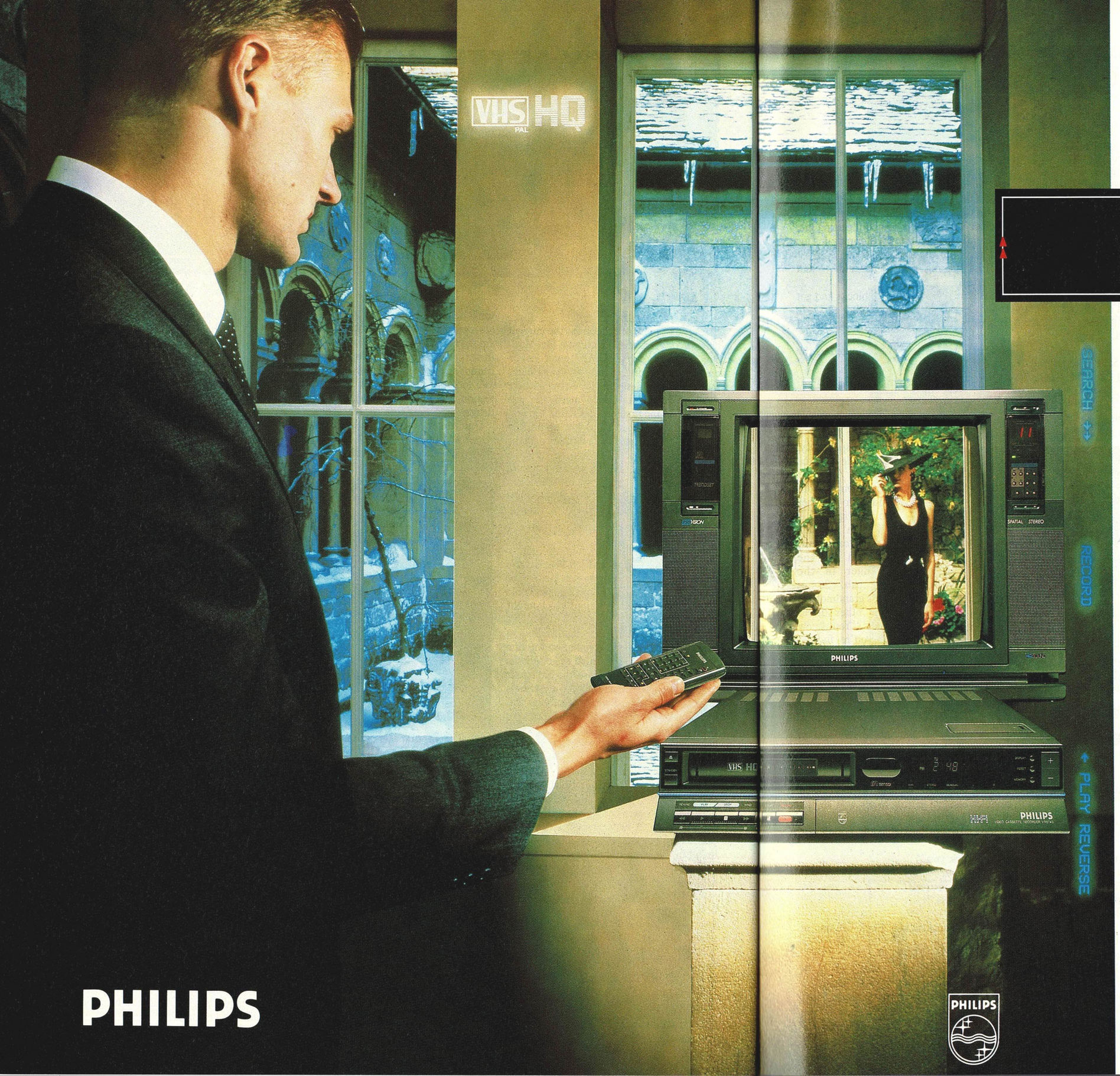
The rumors persist, however, and sales in some areas have dropped by as much as 80 percent. Mainly in those places, we suspect, where wives don't let husbands go on the piss.

GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

At least in other parts of the old British Empire they manage to approach things with a little more of the decorum for which the Mother Country was noted. We read in the *Ontario Herald* that just across the border, a Miss Josephine Wheeler, aged 72, when faced with a crisis situation, certainly didn't blow her cool, if you'll pardon the expression.

"Miss Joyce Hawthorn and I were playing cribbage," she said in court, "when the man I later recognised as Mr Robert Norris began to ram his car into my front door. We did not know what to do for the best so we went on with our game. After several attempts Mr Norris knocked my front door in, then he got out of his car, rushed into the sitting room and fired a pistol into the ceiling. After that he sat down on the sofa, took off his mask and apologised for having mistaken my house for the one in which his wife was living with her lover."

Ah yes, you ask, but who won the game of cribbage?



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PHILIPS

STREETLIFE

Know what the most dangerous game in the world is? Riding passenger in a New York taxi.

The question of which sport is the most dangerous has been argued for years. You hear votes for skiing, mountain climbing, power boating, car racing, boxing, eating fried food, smoking. The answer comes easily for me. The most dangerous sport in the world is riding in a New York City taxi.

Nowadays, six blocks through Manhattan with Mhambed or Cadeeb at the wheel is guaranteed to make you squeal like a wounded animal and curl up in a knot.

You're thankful just to get out of the cab safely, never mind at the wrong address. Never mind that you're going to shit water for the next 24 hours.

It happened overnight. Nine out of every 10 New York City cab drivers are suddenly maniac terrorists of no ascertainable nationality. And no one can explain how this has occurred. Koch. Cuomo. Nobody.

All I know is, I got in a cab one day and before I could tell the driver my destination we were going 130 km/h up Third Avenue, swerving to scare pedestrians.

When I said something to the driver, his reply was:

"Carrock ahmgamma posta meglock!"

"Stop here!" I yelled.

He ignored me.

"Now!" I cried.

"You speak?"

"Yes!"

"What you want, maybe?"

"I want out!"

"Where?"

"Here!"

He slammed on the brakes.

"Yebbis onga gish rackem!" he snarled at a city bus.

I handed him a wad of bills and leapt to safety.

That was four years ago. Now they've added refinements. They have no smoking signs all over the car and they play loud, horrifying, tuneless music at full treble.

The other day I got in Mhambed's cab and tried to shout out the address over the music.

"Seventy-fifth and Third!" I bellowed.

He didn't wait to hear. We were doing 95km/h down Park Avenue, barging through red lights.

"Sheekonga dababa rackeemba dar!" was what I think he said, which I took to mean that he didn't care if he lived or died, and was quite happy to take me with him.

"Sir. . . ?" I said. "*Excuse* me!"

"Kadash po-yamman deck!" howled Mhambed, as the intersection went by like a blur.

I think I heard a crash behind us, above the screeching of the music, but I didn't glance back because I was trying to light a cigarette, though sliding back and forth across the seat.

Before I knew it, we were dashing through the 60s.

"Too far!" I yelled.

"No!" the driver said.

"No. . . ?"

"You say 57!"

He sped past a limo. "Slobba din spicelam!" he sputtered out the window at the limo driver.

"Let me out!" I called. "Stop, damn it!"

"No!"

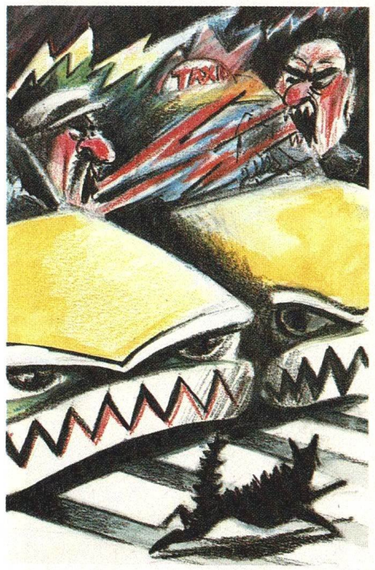
He didn't stop until 57th, like he said.

"Get out," he sneered "You crazy man."

I gave him a 10.

"No change."

"Keep it," I said, adoring the pavement under my feet. "Buy a grenade."



It doesn't seem like all that long ago that New York cab drivers were as much fun as they were safe.

They were all named Mike or Gus and they understood something. No matter how fast or slow you drove, everybody wound up on 59th Street at the same time.

And they were entertaining because they spoke English, by and large.

You got into one of these cabs and the driver crept away at a sane speed. Presently, he would say:

"Jesus, that Carter."

And you had a political discussion if you felt like it.

Or he would say:

"Jesus, the Yankees. My toilet looks better."

And you could talk sports if you felt like it.

But you didn't have to say anything. You could just smoke and listen to Mike or Gus.

"So smoke," he would say, rolling down the window. "I'll breathe the bus."

And he would go on.

"My wife wants a boat. Christ! What do I need with a boat. I'm gonna sail it up and down Queens Boulevard? I said boats are trouble. She said the kid'll take care of the boat. The kid don't take care of himself, he's gonna take care of a boat? But she wants the boat. So — what are you gonna do? I'll buy the boat. Maybe it'll sink and I'll drown. No more problems, right?"

Recently, I thought I had a guy like that. A throwback to the old days, white guy, Nick or Tony. I felt good about getting into his cab. I thanked him for stopping for me and gave him the address.

"Just fucking great," he said — and floored it.

We went 100km/h for two blocks and got caught by a light and some other cars. He glanced over at the cab next to us and glared malevolently.

"Fuck you, asshole," he shouted at the other driver.

"Go fuck yourself," came the reply.

"I'm sayin' fuck you!"

"Yeah? Well, fuck you!"

"Listen," I said, interrupting. "Do you mind if. . . ?"

But we sped away, side by side with the other cab.

And then we both skidded to another stop at a light.

"Fuckin' asshole," my driver called out. I looked at the passenger in the other cab. Somebody's grandmother.

The other driver yelled, "You know who you're fuckin' with here? You're fuckin' with *me*, you fuckhead. You want to fuck with me? Come on! Fuck with me!"

My driver said to him, "Hey, look at me! I'm trying to make a fuckin' livin' here, you fuckin' asshole. I don't need assholes like you getting in my way, so just piss off!"

"So make your fuckin' living, I don't give a fuck!"

"Aw, fuck you."

"Fuck you."

"Go fuck yourself."

"In your ass."

"My dick!"

"Fuckin' cocksucker. Fuck off out of here!"

"Yeah, well, fuck this!"

That's pretty much the way I left it. In Manhattan, I can only take so much intellectual conversation in one day. Somehow, I missed Mhambed.

— DAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL HANSEN

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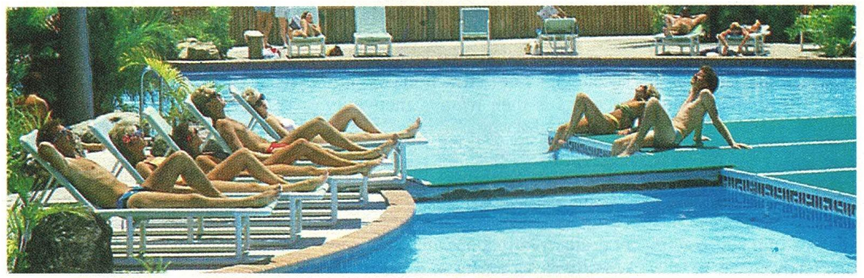

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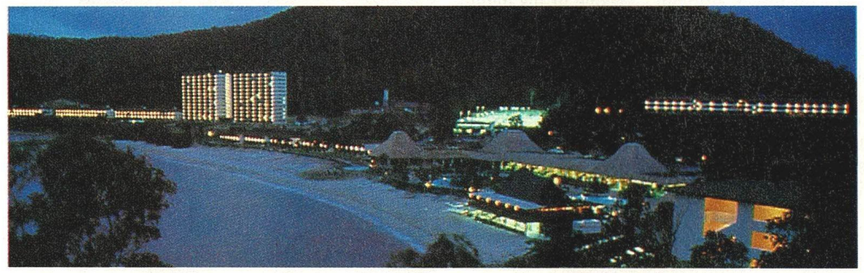

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MONEY

A Swiss bank account is still the way to go, but not if you expect complete anonymity.

Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier took over Haiti when his father, Papa Doc, died in 1971. Granted, as countries go, Haiti wasn't much. Nevertheless, through a deft combination of mismanagement, corruption and a little voodoo, Baby Doc managed to make things much worse. Baby Doc's countrymen began to get restive. There was talk of a coup d'etat.

So, late one night, while the army slept, Baby Doc skipped town. There was no time to pack more than the basic necessities — a change of underwear, some traveller's cheques and, of course, the number of his Swiss bank account.

Baby Doc's story is one that has been repeated many times. For years, Switzerland has served as a financial sanctuary for those who may have to make a fast getaway. Ferdinand Marcos, the Shah of Iran and countless others have taken advantage of the country's famous secret banking laws to salt away a few bob against the inevitable rainy day.

Switzerland became a leading financial centre largely because of bank secrecy. It is true that banks all over the world, even our own, try to keep their customers' business confidential. But Switzerland goes one step further. If a Swiss doctor reveals secrets about a patient's sex life or if a Swiss lawyer recounts a client's conversation to the opposition counsel, nothing happens unless the patient or client is angry enough to sue in court. However, if a bank manager tells anyone — even a friendly foreign tax collector — how much money a customer has in his account, he will be subject to criminal prosecution, whether the customer complains or not. If found guilty, the bank manager will receive a prison term and a fine of 50,000 Swiss francs ($25,000).

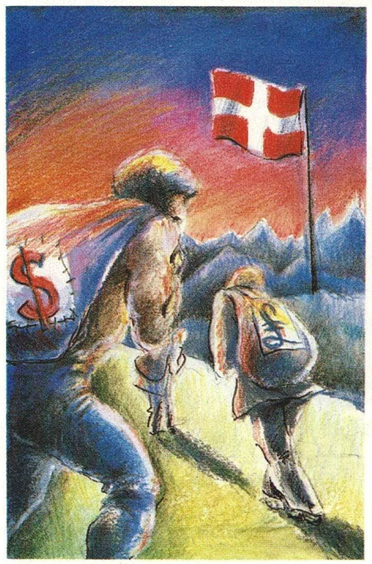
Other countries such as Austria, France and the Netherlands have also made the violation of bank secrecy an indictable offence but their penalities are not as severe as Switzerland's. Moreover, in those countries, the aggrieved party must file a complaint. Because filing a complaint means coming out in the open — just what many customers are trying to avoid — most violations go unpunished.

Although Swiss bank secrecy laws are tough, they are not absolute. A court can order a bank to reveal information about a client's account if it has been used in the commission of a crime. Clifford Irving, the writer who published a phony biography of the late billionaire Howard Hughes, desposited his ill-gotten gains into a Swiss account. When the money was proved to be obtained by fraud, the bank involved revealed the details of Irving's account to the authorities. Note, however, that the fraud had to be proven first before the account details could be revealed.

Bank secrecy can only be lifted for acts which are a crime under Swiss law. This does not include tax evasion which, though officially frowned upon, is not a criminal offence.

Many people believe Swiss bank secrecy applies only to the famous numbered accounts. In fact, the same rules apply to normal everyday savings and cheque accounts. The attraction of numbered accounts is their *relative* anonymity.

I stress the word "relative" because not even numbered accounts are completely anonymous. No Swiss bank will open an account without knowing the identity of the customer. This is required so that, in case of death, information can be provided to the customer's legitimate heirs.



A numbered account is usually opened directly with the bank's manager or one of his deputies. At the time the account is opened, the customer is assigned a number which is used on all future transactions. This ensures that the depositor's identity is known only to a few senior managers.

Numbered accounts are difficult to get. You must have a large amount of money and an equal amount of pull. For this reason, only about 10 percent of Swiss bank accounts are numbered and these attract little or no interest. Some customers actually pay a fee for the privilege of depositing their money with the bank.

Although most often associated with tax evasion, numbered accounts originated in the 1930s for quite a different reason. Several European countries strictly prohibited their citizens from holding assets abroad. Yet some of these same citizens were under dire threat for political or racial reasons. They had to be prepared to flee their homes, and a small amount of money held secretly in a neutral country meant the difference between life and death. The Swiss banking laws were introduced in 1934, not to provide a home for tax evaders, but as a means of protecting political refugees.

Today, numbered accounts are not specific to the Swiss banking system; they are also available in Austria, Belgium, France, Hong Kong, Singapore, Luxembourg and the Cayman Islands. In some of these banks, numbered accounts really are anonymous. In Austria, for example, it is possible to open a savings account without revealing your identity to the bank.

So how do you, the average Australian, get to open one of these extremely attractive Swiss or Austrian accounts from this country? The short answer is that you don't. If you want to secure some of that wonderful anonymity, you have to turn up in person in Geneva or Vienna or wherever you desire the account and do it on the spot.

In an attempt to crack down on "insider trading" and other fiscal crimes, the international community has brought pressure to bear on the Swiss authorities to relax some of their bank secrecy requirements. Although there are few avenues by which this pressure can be exerted (Switzerland does not belong to NATO, the United Nations, the International Monetary Fund or any other multi-national organisation), some changes have occurred. In recent years, Swiss banks have shown a greater willingness to co-operate with foreign authorities. In actions unheard of only a few years ago, accounts suspected of containing tainted money have been frozen. Baby Doc Duvalier and the Marcoses, for example, have been refused access.

Things are getting decidedly tougher for those with money to hide. There is a light in the darkness, however. Hungary, like most Eastern bloc countries, is anxious to attract hard currency. The National Savings Bank of Hungary will allow an account to be opened under any name or number. Accounts attract six percent interest.

Sounds good but, despite the recent crackdown, I doubt whether many people will be exchanging their Swiss francs for Hungarian forints. After all, it was regimes such as the one in Hungary that inspired the Swiss bank secrecy laws in the first place.

— SETH GREGORY.

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL HANSEN

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WOMEN

We girls like men who are men. All too often they turn out to be boys — or hairdressers.

Not that this is really what the column is about, but 14 years ago, when I was a slip of a girl living in England, I fell (thud) in love and had my heart broken for the first time. Oh, it was awful, I was so seriously besotted, sure my feelings were returned, and then it turned out he was one of those guys who make girls fall for them, just to see if they can do it. It was my first exposure to this virulent species of tick, and I never totally recovered. In fact, we keep in touch, John and I. Saw each other last week on his home turf.

But mainly I went back to England to see the girls. Do you know that English girls are the greatest? Not only are they crisp, and witty, and have those rose petal complexions, and are all completely mad, but they are definite about things. No shilly-shallying, no ambivalence, these girls give the most complicated of human situations generic names.

"Well, did he have the boy disease?" Felicity demanded when I related my travails with a certain guy. We were eating spaghetti carbonara in the magnificently cluttered kitchen of Louisa's house in Bayswater, the kind of place where you go through the entrance hall and suddenly think, "Wait a minute, wasn't that a Cezanne I just walked by?"

Anyway, the boy disease? So what's that I asked.

"You know," said Felicity (brunette, stunning), "when everything's just great and you're having a wonderful time and then he suddenly becomes very weird and disappears. It's epidemic nowadays. I believe it was first isolated by Natalia Schiffrin, who noticed that if her friends were looking starry-eyed and walking on air one week, they were bound to be hollow-eyed, pale and listless the next. Apparently boys are being disappointing in droves these days."

"Buy why?" I wondered.

"No one knows," Louisa (blonde, gorgeous) said, "perhaps it has something to do with Chernobyl. Now, do we all want chocolate and cream? Or shall we just drink another bottle of wine?"

The next day I called John, my childhood nemesis. "Delightful that you're here," he said. "Unfortunately tonight I'm going to the Hurlingham Club, tomorrow I'm off to Regent's Park, and on Thursday it's the Proms. It will have to be lunch, I'm afraid."

"Fuck you!" I cried, "You, the one who broke my heart, can't stop being posh for a minute to see me?"

No, I didn't really. "Lunch will be lovely," I said.

"Fuck him," I said to the girls, "I'm not going. He can rot in hell."

"Go and be horrible to him which will make him fall madly in love," Felicity said sweetly.

"Felicity is such a man," Sue (Ursula Andress lookalike) giggled.

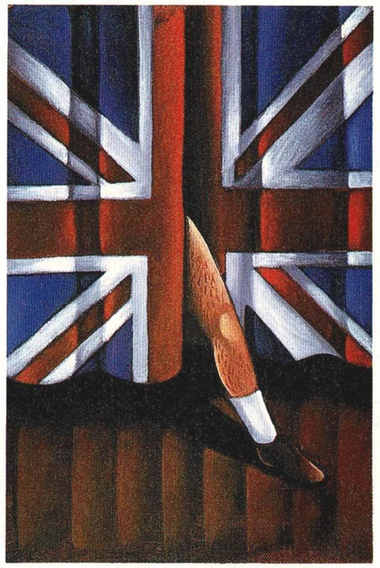
"No, she's not, she's a woman," I said, noticing her breasts.

"She's right. I am a man," said Felicity. "But you don't know Will Wenham's famous theory?" she asked me.

"It's perfectly simple," said Louisa. "All women are either girls, women or men. And all men are either men, boys or hairdressers. For goodness sake, stop looking like a dead halibut."

"You've lost me," I said. "Give examples."

"Sigourney Weaver is a man. Jane Fonda is a man. Diane Keaton is a girl," said Louisa.



"Jessica Lange is a woman. Mel Gibson is a boy, Clint Eastwood is a man. Cary Grant was a hairdresser."

"How dare you!" I exclaimed.

"No, it's perfectly okay. There's nothing wrong with being a hairdresser, and it has nothing to do with sexual orientation," said Felicity.

"Very good people are hairdressers. Louisa's father is a hairdresser, and he's a great man."

"My father is not a hairdresser!" said Louisa, shocked. "My father is God, as far as I'm concerned. How could you!"

"Of course he is," said Felicity, "but he's still a hairdresser. He knows about color, and clothes, and cares if his hair looks absolutely frightful."

"Perhaps he's a creature," said Sue.

Creatures, it seems, defy description completely, and are the best of all.

"He's a hairdresser," said Felicity, "and thank God he is. Most men are boys. Men who are men are probably the best, but almost impossible to find."

"Whereas I, although female, am definitely a man," said Louisa, shifting her gorgeous legs coquettishly, "I even have the boy disease, that's how much a man I am. I get madly interested in someone, pursue him to the ends of the earth, and the moment he shows some sort of interest, I think, 'Hang on, I'm not sure I really like the way you wear your pin-striped shirts all buttoned up, and the way you breathe gets on my nerves.' And I leave them, I just can't help myself."

"You're a bunch of loonies," I decided helplessly.

"We're not. It's an exact science," Sue said, "we've studied it for years. We even know that girls tend to have women for daughters."

"What am I?"

"You're a woman."

"Well, it's true, my mother was a girl," I agreed.

"You see, then," said Louisa, "the more you study this, the more your life will fall into place."

It did. I went to lunch. John has just turned 40. His temples are greying. He told me about his love life. "I'm involved with an architect. She was married in May 1986. In June 1986 I kissed her in a garden in Clapham. In January 1987 she left her husband."

"And now, of course, you don't want her anymore."

"Well, it is a bit of a problem." He creased his face into seriousness but just couldn't hide the gleam in his eye, and I felt chilled. But then the light dawned.

"You're a boy," I thought to myself, "I can see you in the sandbox, red face, poncy little sailor suit and lollipop, only wanting the other children's toys, taking them away, and then losing interest."

In the bus going home, the conductor was tidying his receipts fussily, there was simply no question about it: he was such a hairdresser.

So was the waiter at the Indian restaurant who kept realigning the wine glasses so meticulously.

The day before I was to leave, a fellow phoned and offered me a trip to St Moritz, where I would stay and be pampered in the best hotel and he would take care of everything.

"A man," I thought, terrified.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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MEN

How to get lucky with women, part II: the way to a ballet dancer's heart.

Nan lives in another city and I've never met her, but I've talked to her by phone and I've seen pictures of her dancing. She's a professional ballerina, slim and blonde and long-legged and flexible. Edible is a word that comes to mind.

She called me the other day to wish me a Happy New Year. She had a bottle of champagne to send to me. "I loved your column in the September issue about how to get lucky with women, Ace," she said. "You want me to tell you how to get lucky with *dancers*? It's really easy, you know. I'm surprised you didn't mention it. All you have to do is go to ballet class."

"Ballet class? Sounds kind of poofterish to me," I said.

"That's the point, Ace. Think about it. The ratio of women to men in your average class is about 10:3. The ratio of women to straight men is about 10:1. Get it?"

"Got it."

"There's a world of dancers out there waiting to be, uh, mined."

"Tell me how."

"Rule number one: When you go to class, dress for the part. Wear black lycra tights, an old sweatshirt with the arms cut out, some leg warmers and ballet shoes. Scuff up the shoes. Scuff up everything.

"Use your gym workout bag for a dance bag. Carry a small towel, an extra pair of leg warmers, some tracksuit pants. Your bag should look overstuffed and artistically sloppy. And it should never be zipped up. Remember, you're a casual kind of guy."

"But I don't know anything about ballet," I said. "I'll look totally stupid in class."

"Listen, Ace, if you look too good we'll assume you're gay and just trying to pick up other men — and we won't talk to you at all."

"So awkward is good?"

"It's okay. You don't have to take the whole class. Just *barre* will do. Just warm-ups. Stand there at the *barre* and try to do the excercises."

"I do a few squats at the *barre* and women will hit on me?"

"You have to know a few things."

"Such as?"

"Well, try the basics: those satin covered shoes the women wear are called *pointe* shoes, not toe shoes; when you're at the *barre*, you always start with your right side first; and remember, as a male who's a beginner, you don't have natural turn-out. Complain about that and compliment the women on their turn-out, the way they can point their feet in different directions and still do the exercises."

"Okay, can I go to class now?"

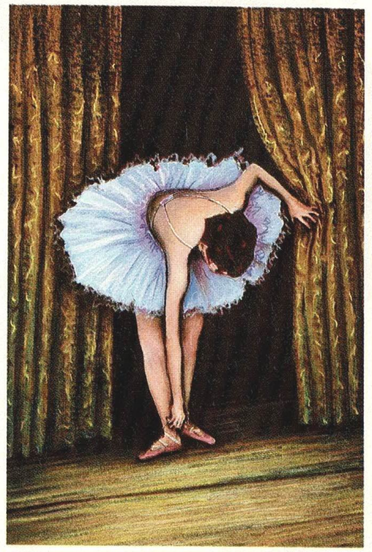
"Not yet. First you have to go to the library. Read about a few ballets. Learn their plots. *Giselle* is good. Ditto *Sleeping Beauty*. Include one Balanchine-Stravinsky collaboration like *Firebird*."

"I saw *The Nutcracker* once."

"No good, Ace. Among serious dancers, it's a joke."

"I wanna go to class!"

"Patience, little man. You must learn three basic thoughts and say them after me: 1) Balanchine changed everything; 2) Baryshnikov is the greatest male dancer who ever lived; 3) there will never be another Margot Fonteyn."



"I can't say that. I hate Baryshnikov. Every woman I know is in love with him. Why should I pimp for him?"

"If you attack Baryshnikov in a ballet class, you'll be dead meat, Ace," Nan said. "We've all been screwing him for years. We hold on to his thighs and he carries us into the heavens. Don't fight it."

"I'll say it, I'll say it."

"Very good. You're almost ready. Get to class about 15 minutes early. Be cool. You'll see a lot of women stretching like cats. Sit down next to one who appeals to you. Do not ogle her. Yes, her legs are spread 180 degrees and yes, her leotards are skin tight. Supposedly you're used to this and it's no big deal."

"No big deal," I mumbled

"You've seen it all before."

"I've seen it all before."

"You love ballet for artistic reasons."

"Riiight."

"You even play a little hard to get. You're absorbed in your own stretches and too busy to really look at them."

"I can't stretch the way they can stretch. They'll know I'm faking it."

"Try this: sit with the soles of your feet together and press down on your knees. Pretend you're pressing hard and act like you're in pain. They'll buy it."

"But when the *barre* exercises start, I'll be totally lost."

"That's the point. This is your big chance. Go up to the cutest woman you see and ask her if she minds if you stand next to her at the *barre*. Say you need someone to follow. You're being modest and vulnerable. She can't say no. And *voila*, there you'll be, a few inches away from everything you've ever dreamed of."

"What do I say to her?"

"Pull out your ballet small talk."

"Balanchine changed everything."

"Very good, Ace."

"Baryshnikov is the greatest male dancer."

"Absolutely."

"There will never be another Margot Fonteyn, will there?"

"Not in my opinion, Ace."

"Now can I ask her out for dinner?"

"You ask her out for coffee. Most of your ballerinas have eating disorders. If you ask them out for a meal, they'll panic. So make it coffee."

"It'll be that easy?"

"I can guarantee it. Dancers are some of the loneliest people in the world. You men are missing a bet if you don't check them out."

"Happy New Year, Nan," I said.

"Happy New Year, Misha," she said.

— ASA BABER

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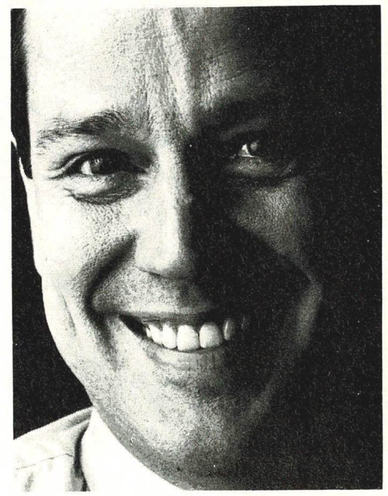

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For the sports entrepreneur, securing a top venue is almost as important as winning.

Given the chance again, I'd have filled in my vocational guidance questionnaire differently. To that critical question everybody seems to ask the boys right from the minute they can talk — "And tell me, sonny, what do you want to be when you grow up?" — I'd answer: "A sports entrepreneur!"

That's where the action is. Look at those guys. They wear $1000 suits, booze up in private boxes at the game; are on first name terms with the coach and players, and get to meet the cheer-leaders. If the team flops they even take a hand in unloading any players they don't particularly like. On slow news days the papers run very flattering photos of them sitting behind big desks while waxing eloquent about marketing, performance, opportunity and the future of the game. What a job!

Have you noticed of late how these sports entrepreneurs have become something less than an endangered species? In fact, they're pretty thick on the ground. They're the new breed of bright boys changing the face of your favorite game.

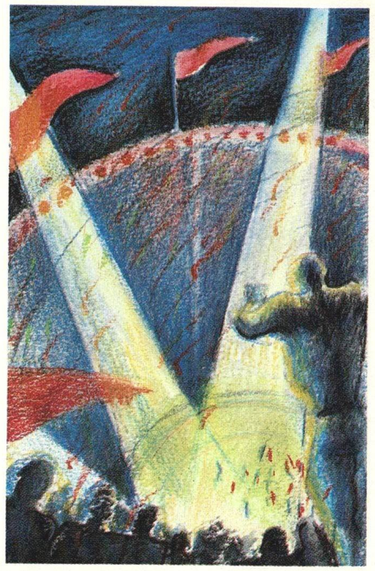
You can bet that if a sports entrepreneur does not already have access to a decent venue, then he is either moving to get his hands on one or trying to talk his backers, government or anybody else into buying or building him one. A "sportpreneur" without a suitable stadium is just another mouth in a $1000 suit.

The provision of a slick stadium can be the sporting equivalent of the horn of plenty for any administration smart enough to utilise its potential. The Brisbane Bullets basketball club is a prime example. Their headquarters at the 7000-seat Chandler facility (built for the 1982 Commonwealth Games) made them the envy of most other clubs. Midway through 1986 the Bullets shot through to Boondall where they settled into a brand-new 12,000-seat stadium furnished by the Brisbane City Council and finished off with some Bicentennial funding. Since then the Bullets' on-court success has helped them near-fill the Boondall for home games. The club's marketing and promotional impetus has grown a new leg to the point where not only does Brisbane have the reputation as a real basketball town but the club and star import Leroy Loggins became the focus of a *60 Minutes* story. The fans love the product and presentation, pouring through the gates at a rate that swells the club's coffers, attracts additional sponsorship and sophisticated TV coverage. And of course the Bullets ended up in last season's NBL play-offs against Perth Wildcats, another club with a super-duper stadium.

Compare Brisbane with the Illawarra Hawks, the Wollongong-based side that just failed to stop the Bullets' march to the final 1987 play-offs. The Hawks' home turf is the Snakepit, a less than salubrious centre with about a sixth of the capacity of Boondall. When the clubs venture into the market-place to restock their playing strengths, you can guess which one will be carrying the more impressive chequebook.

The good news is Brisbane doesn't have a monopoly on good stadiums. The likes of Canberra and Perth aren't far behind. What these cities have in common is that they have been denied a toe-hold in mainstream national or interstate sport for many years. Now, they're in and they have managed to tap the community's business interests plus the sporting public's healthy sense of parochialism.

The problem lurking around the corner for towns like Canberra is what will happen when the novelty starts to wear a little thin and the major sports (of which there were none a few years ago) find themselves competing with each other for patronage, sponsorships, TV coverage and the punter's disposable income?



In Perth, where so much venture dollar has been sunk into failed America's Cup campaigns, there are the Wildcats, the West Coast Eagles (VFL) and the State's Sheffield Shield side attempting to draw sponsorship from the same well.

In the course of researching another story last year I had a chance to chat with Greg Chappell about the hurdles facing cricket administrators in the 1980s. High on his list was the competition for sponsorship dollar that has resulted from the growing nationalisation of codes other than cricket. The former Test captain cited his home town of Brisbane where the rise and rise of the Bullets and Bears plus the Broncos' stampede into the Sydney rugby league series was about to make life very interesting.

No doubt, some sports will eventually feel the squeeze but it goes without saying that those that will be best equipped to survive the pressure will be the ones who can offer the best venues. Fans these days expect comfort, TV networks demand crowd atmosphere and sponsors love those private boxes. It is glowing testimony to the for-bearance, loyalty or sheer stupidity of Melbourne VFL fans that for so long they have continued to endure the crude conditions of some of their city's poorer venues.

A colleague of mine who made the leap from straight journalism to sports marketing has no doubt about the role venues will play in reshaping sport.

"Winning," he says, "is still the number one priority. But securing a top venue as a home is not all that far behind."

Despite their ordinary 1987 season, it is my solemn tip that Parramatta rugby league club will be on the pace for a good many years to come. And it was the taxpayer who provided the Eels with one of the best grounds in Australia. The turnstiles at Parramatta Stadium fairly hum on match days and so do the tills at the nearby Parramatta Leagues Club. Parra might have been the gypsies of the league while waiting for the stadium's completion, and that period obviously hurt the club's bank balance. But now that the ground has been in use for two years, the revenue is once again starting to mount.

South Sydney will be the next beneficiaries of this system when they move into the Sydney Sports Stadium adjacent to the SCG. Already I can hear a few disgruntled types who don't give a fish's tit for sport starting to grumble that tax revenue could be better spent on macrame workshops for left-handed transvestites, or some other minority cause. I beg to differ. Government investment in well-planned sporting facilities can prove hugely beneficial to the community.

As we labor through another summer of cricket it might occur to the lovers of our national game that its administrators really have a battle on their hands these days. While nobody wants cricket's traditional values chucked out the window, when it comes to electing Australian Cricket Board members it is high time entrepreneurial flair got as much consideration as how you knot your tie.

— BOB CUSSONS

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL HANSEN

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SHOWBIZ

It's up, up and away time again, with Superman IV, Nerds II, and the one and only Jon Bon Jovi.

HEAVY METAL STAR SHOOTS UP!: But not when his mum's there. Ever wondered about that trapeze-like contraption that **Jon Bon Jovi**'s got himself hooked on, so he can zoom into the audience? The brain-child of Bon-Bon's production rigger, **Steve Lemon**, and designed to give the teenyboppers in the back rows a better view of their idol, it buzzes into the house for a spectacular 40 metres at a speed of three metres per second, deposits Bon-Bon on a platform where he does a number, and then zooms him back. Over the year since its introduction there's only been one mishap when a fuse blew just prior to take-off in Bon Jovi's hometown of Meadowlands. "My mum was here tonight," Bon-Bon complained to Lemon later. "And she prayed it wouldn't work." Well, what mum wants her boy shooting around the heavens at speeds in excess of 10km/h!

●

THE RETURN OF THE NERDS. . . AND SUPERMAN: We have learned not to expect too much from movie sequels, but they do have a guaranteed return at the box office, and if they gave Oscars for long titles, well — how about *Revenge Of The Nerds II: Nerds In Paradise* and *Superman IV: The Quest For Peace*? *Nerds I* was, of course, the surprise comedy hit of a couple of years ago, an anthem for the perpetual underdog which appealed to everybody's inferiority complex. **Robert Carradine** is back to reprise his role as chief nerd, a part for which he's physically perfect despite being younger brother to hunks **David** and **Keith.** Fellow nerd **Anthony Edwards** appears only in cameo after *his* glamor role as **Tom Cruise**'s sidekick Goose in *Top Gun*. *Nerds II* is full of easy laughs, but underneath it remains a cash-in on a surprisingly good original. The long-awaited *Superman IV* has a lot to live

In Superman IV: The Quest For Peace, Margot Kidder misses out as Christopher Reeve takes Mariel Hemingway into orbit.

up to after its three predecessors managed to gross three-quarters of a billion dollars world-wide. **Christopher Reeve** is back, of course, playing the role he was born for, and **Gene Hackman** is Lex Luthor, naturally enough. **Margot Kidder** is Lois Lane again, to her own surprise and despite her final farewell to the role after *Superman III*, but the female interest has been reinforced by **Mariel Hemingway**. This time the Man of Steel who stands for Truth, Justice and the American Way takes on Nuclear Weapons — perhaps wrestling with the contradictions is an even greater challenge, but **Golan** and **Globus**, the new producers, have never allowed themselves to be put off by details.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Back To The Beach *Surf Nazis Must Die* it ain't, but Annette and Frankie are still a lot of fun. ¥¥¥

Dragnet Dan Aykroyd revamps Joe Friday with all due respect and a straight face and he's never been so funny.¥¥¥¥

Good Morning Babylon Tales of old Hollywood, when D.W. Griffith made *Intolerance*, never catch fire. ¥¥

Ground Zero Aussie movie of the year with Colin Friels investigating cover-up during Brits' nuclear tests. ¥¥¥

Hamburger Hill The sheer senselessness of the (Vietnam) war makes gruelling viewing. ¥¥

Harry And The Hendersons Cute family finds cute Bigfoot and brings it home. Terminally cute. Prefer *Predator.* ¥

Ishtar Better than the usual US pap despite rumors. Beatty and Hoffman clown through political upheaval. ¥¥¥

Living Daylights New Bond Timothy Dalton raises the standard to something like Sean Connery's level. ¥¥¥

Nightmare On Elm Street 3 Freddy's back! This time the special effects will scare the pants off you. ¥¥¥¥

Roxanne is the wondrous Daryl Hannah, Steve Martin her modern-day Cyrano. Very funny. Very romantic. ¥¥¥¥

The Lost Boys The bikie gang terrorising Santa Carla are really vampires! Weird, wonderful — pure cinema. ¥¥¥¥

The Untouchables Eliot Ness (Kevin Kostner) beats Al Capone (Robert De Niro) with help from Sean Connery. Great cops and robbers. ¥¥¥¥

The Witches Of Eastwick Horny little devil Jack Nicholson and three gorgeous witches make explosive mixture. ¥¥¥

Who's That Girl? Potentially great screwball comedy ruined by Madonna's undisciplined hamming. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

THE NAME GAME: Ever since **The Beatles**, whose name **John Lennon** said came to him "on a flaming pie" (whatever that meant), groups' names have got curiouser and curiouser, and we've spent long microseconds puzzling them out. **a-ha**'s name came about when **Pal Waaktaar** was writing lyrics and realised that a-ha means the same thing in every language (not in Pitjantjatjara, we don't think, Pal). Then there's the **Beastie Boys**, which was the stupidest name the band could think of. . . to which we say, how appropriate. And the **Bangles**, who started off as the Supersonic Bangs, had their name clipped to the Bangs, which they

Who's That Girl? Why, Madonna of course.

liked for the double entendre, until the existence of another Bangs forced them to their current nod to the Beatles. Our current favorites are **I Spit On Your Gravy, Gay Bykers On Acid** and **The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal.**

●

NEWSBREAKS: A line of rock home videos called *Rock And Roll Goldmine* makes its debut soon. Also in the series: *The Soul Years, The British Invasion* and *The San Francisco Sound.* The first tape features **The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Janis Joplin, Cream,** the **Stones** and **Steppenwolf**. . . The Stones' **Ron Wood** is touring with **Bo Diddley,** playing large clubs and ballrooms. . . **Don Johnson** is working on a TV sitcom about a rock star who leaves the music business behind to raise a family. . . Listen out for **Bette Midler**'s singing in the animated Disney movie of *Oliver Twist*. . . Owners of major record store chains are still predicting the demise of the LP, more in hope than anger we feel. As long as the average CD is still twice the price of the average LP it's still in with a chance. . . *Sgt Pepper* turned 20 just in time to see **Michael Jackson** buy the rights to the entire Beatles catalogue. By now Nike has used the original *Revolution* in a shoe commercial and the Beatles' Apple label has sued Nike and Capitol/EMI who say **Yoko** originally favored the deal.

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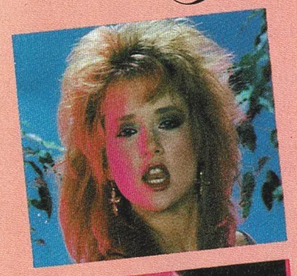

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DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

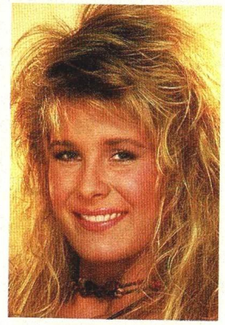
Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
Have you ever had sex on a first date?

Yes, I have, but it was more than just physical satiation. After talking to the guy, I felt I had known him for such a long time and to go home together just seemed the most natural thing to do to complete a wonderful evening. It ended up that we spent three and a half years going out together. But you have to probe much more into your partner's previous sexual experiences these days as AIDS is a definite killer of any spontaneous romantic tendencies you may feel toward a man. Trust, honesty and caution is the code one must follow now.

Gina Williams

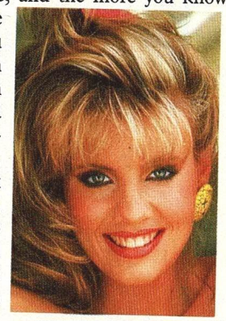
GINA WILLIAMS
OCTOBER 1987



There are guys I just want to have sex with and guys I want to see in a different way. If you sleep with a guy on a first date, the focus is on the physical, not on communicating. I can read a guy pretty well. I stare into his eyes when I'm turned on. I wouldn't go into a bar and just go home with somebody — not in the disease-ridden '80s. I need to know about someone. Maybe he's a friend of a friend. I know pretty much what I'm getting myself into. I'm particular. If I want to have sex with someone, I definitely know if the chemistry is there; I'm the kind of person who does what she wants to do, with no regrets. I don't wake up in the morning feeling shitty if it's something I wanted to do.

Kymberly Paige

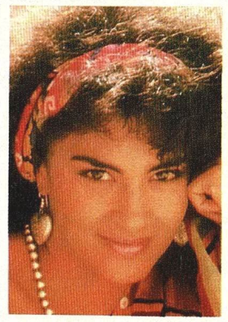
KYMBERLY PAIGE
JUNE 1987



Yes, but it's a rare occurrence. I'd much rather get to know someone first. I think sex is very intimate, and the more you know someone, the more fun you can have with him. You can have fun with a guy on a one-night stand, too, but if you want a relationship, you have to wait. If I cared about someone and wanted to see him again, that would make the sex more meaningful. I don't think men are only looking for sex, but those who are make it pretty obvious. That is not to say that you don't *wonder* about sex on a date. It's in the back of everyone's mind.

Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987



Nope. I've had sex on a third or fourth date, but never on a first. I've never found anyone so appealing that I could open up to him and just say, "Hey, baby, here I am." I really have to get to know him better than that. If I'm giving a part of myself to someone, he'd better be in my life for a while. I am a romantic. It would be terrible to go out on a first date, do it and then never see him again. I'd rather wait a while and get to know him. Can he be open with me about his thoughts and feelings? That's more important than the sexual thing.

Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JULY 1986

I don't date strangers. I only go out with people I've known for a while. I did sleep with my boyfriend on our first "official" date. We have a very lustful relationship. Sex is important to me, and it matters to me that my partner is sexual, too. Generally speaking, I don't think sex on a first date is a great idea, because you give up too much intrigue too soon. Also, if you don't know or care about a man and you sleep with him, you may have nothing to say in the morning, and that's a waste of time.

Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
MARCH 1987

I did it once and I ended up living with the guy for a year. But it's not something I'd do anymore. If I choose not to have sex on the first, second or third date, it makes the sex, when I finally have it, even better. If a guy can't wait and quits calling me, that's his problem. I don't have time to worry about him. Some guys are as transparent as cellophane. Some guys are better than that. It's about luck, really. Sex on a first date isn't the best way to start off a relationship, and there is a health scare now, so I don't do it.

Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986

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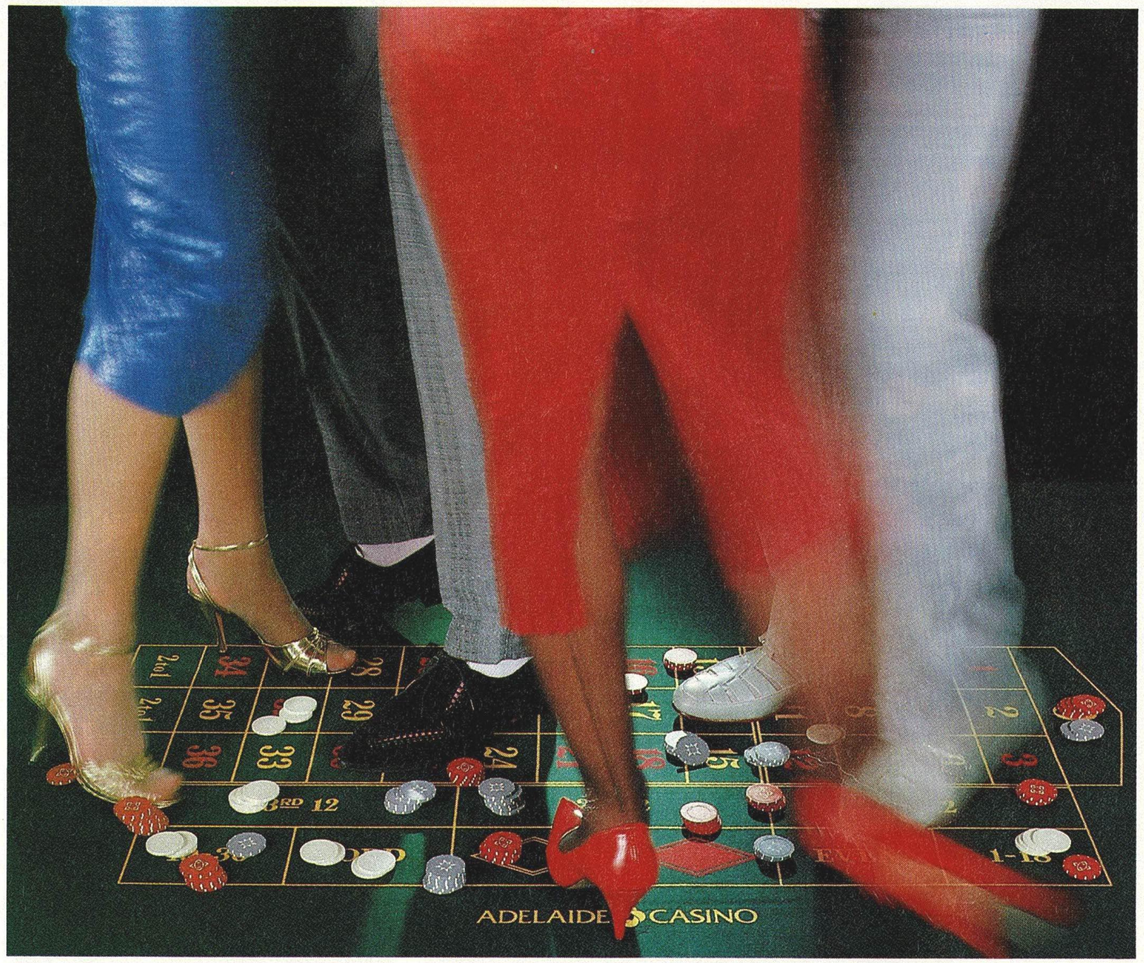

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL COSBY

A candid conversation with the world's richest funny man about fatherhood, South Africa and the birth of the Cosby Show.

Just when we seemed hopelessly addicted to prime time TV programs that featured equal measures of sex, greed and hairspray, along came The Cosby Show — an unlikely series about a black obstetrician and his family — and suddenly, network executives were proclaiming that sitcoms weren't dead after all.

Meanwhile Bill Cosby, riding the biggest wave of his career, had become the world's favorite father figure. He had also become America's richest entertainer: according to prestigious Forbes magazine, Cosby is ranked in a class by himself and described as a one-man growth business. His income leaped from the equivalent of some $A38 million in 1986 to approximately $A80 million in 1987 because of reruns of the show, of which he owns 50 percent of the syndication rights. By 1992, Forbes estimates he will have derived at least $A252 million from syndication.

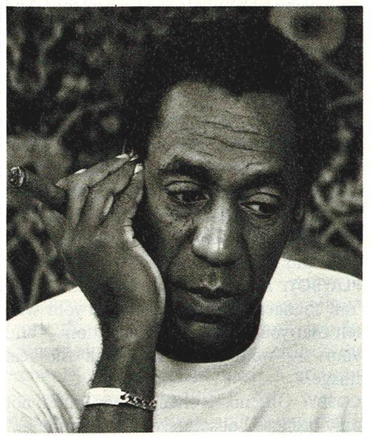
As Dr Heathcliff Huxtable, Cosby portrays a bright, funny physician who's deeply in love with his lawyer wife, Claire, played by Phylicia Ayers-Allen. Their TV children — four daughters and one son — mirror the real-life set of siblings Cosby has sired with his wife of almost 22 years, the former Camille Hanks. On The Cosby Show, Father knows best, but not to the point of parental infallibility: Cliff Huxtable often learns as much from his kids as they do from him. Some critics have carped that the show isn't "black" enough, which is to say that Dr Huxtable isn't poor and doesn't go around exchanging high fives each time he delivers a baby or a solution to a family problem. The Huxtable children, meanwhile (judging by current TV standards and practices), are just plain weird: they actually love and respect their parents. Most people are not put off by all that.

How far Bill Cosby's career will continue to develop is anybody's guess, including the comedian's. For more than 20 years, Cosby has been a show-business staple whose body of work now includes 20 comedy albums (five of which won Grammys), five TV series (he won three Emmys for I Spy), 10 movies and thousands of performances as a stand-up comedian.

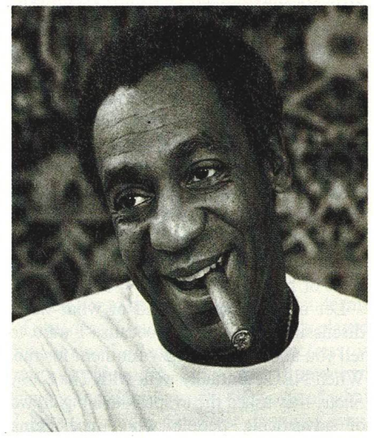
By now, you're probably somewhat familiar with Cosby's curriculum vitae. The eldest of three sons, he was born in Philadelphia on July 12, 1937. At high school, he was an excellent athlete (captain of the track and football teams) but a dreadful student. He dropped out and joined the navy, saw the world and then saw the light. He enrolled in correspondence courses, earned his high school diploma and then wangled a track scholarship to Temple University. Three years later, he again dropped out, this time because his weekend appearances at various Greenwich Village night spots had made him a hot comedy commodity. In 1963, he recorded his first comedy album, won a Grammy for it and has never looked back. He later received a degree from Temple and then earned a master's and a doctorate in education from the University of Massachusetts. Cosby's 242-page thesis was titled The Integration of Visual Media Via Fat Albert And The Cosby Kids Into The Elementary School Culminating As A Teacher Aid To Achieve Increased Learning. The net result is that the man known in showbiz circles as Cos is known in others as Dr William H. Cosby Jr, and Fat Albert, who still lives inside his creator's head, is said to be very pleased.

To interview the 50-year-old performer, Playboy again teamed Cosby with ***Lawrence Linderman****, who conducted the magazine's original Playboy Interview with him in 1969. Linderman reports: "Cosby greeted me warmly, and I think both of us felt as if we'd seen each other only a few weeks before. Cosby hasn't changed much over the years: the only signs he shows of advancing middle age are a slight tinge of grey hair and the beginnings of a paunch, which he's busting his butt to eliminate. At our first meeting, we couldn't find the source of the tiny chimes*

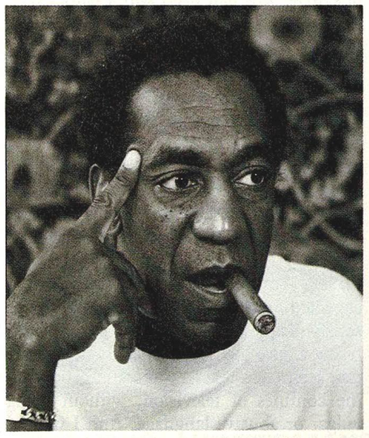
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOWARD BINGHAM



"Several years ago I decided I wanted to do a TV show that all my children could watch without my wife and me worrying about how if would affect them."



"I've never been comfortable with profanity. But Richard Pryor's way of using four-letter words has nothing to do with Eddie Murphy's way of using 77-letter curse words."



"Too many black South Africans are now saying, 'If I have to live as a third-class citizen under the rule of apartheid, then I don't want to live.' "

that were sounding in the room until Bill realised the sound was coming from a pair of stop watches he'd just bought to time himself in runs. (Once a track man, always a track man.)

"When all the tootlings were done with, Cosby whipped out one of the foot-long Jamaican stogies he more or less chain smokes, and we got down to business."

PLAYBOY: The last time we spoke — in 1969 — you were a hot young comedian. Since then, you've just about become a national institution. What does it feel like?

COSBY: Well, except for the fact that I was 7kg lighter 20 years ago, it feels good. It's *been* good. I remember 1969 very well. Couple of things have happened since. [*Grins through cigar smoke*] Right about then, I had four albums in the Top 10 at the same time, and I don't think even Elvis Presley ever did that. Now, that was a high. Winning the Emmys was a high, then going on to do my TV specials. . . I'll tell you, when I was growing up in a lower-economic neighborhood in Philadelphia, these were things I thought happened only to people on the radio.

PLAYBOY: Despite all this success, there must have been moments that weren't as upbeat as all that. Wasn't there a time when Bill Cosby was in danger of going out of style?

COSBY: Oh, there was a point where the career — the performance, or comedy, career — began to have trouble. In the early '70s when the younger culture went into a kind of LSD period, a lot of legitimate showbiz people — Bill Cosby, Harry Belafonte, Andy Williams, even Johnny Mathis — began to feel like tumbleweed rolling through the back of the theatres. The economy was in a dip, our fans were becoming parents, the time seemed wrong. It was tough for a lot of us. I went to Las Vegas, worked conventions, one-nighters. . .

PLAYBOY: But you were still a young man then, in your mid-thirties. . .

COSBY: Yeah, but I was *talking* old. I was talking to audiences about my marriage, my kids — I was out of Fat Albert by then. I was more interested in the behavior of a parent toward a child.

PLAYBOY: Few industry insiders expected *The Cosby Show* to survive its first season, let alone become the most popular series on TV. Have you been surprised by the show's success?

COSBY: Yes, it's gone way past what I expected. All I really wanted to do was satisfy people who'd understand what I was trying to give them — a series about a family that seemed as real as you could get within the confines of television, without using vulgar or abusive language. And I wanted to show kids that their mothers and fathers could be very, very firm people, almost dogmatic, yet you'd still love them because they have tomorrow's newspaper and what they're saying has to do with their love and concern for you.

PLAYBOY: Your show went to the top of the ratings virtually from the start. What do you think accounts for its popularity?

COSBY: Well, if you look at Cliff Huxtable, you see an over-achiever who knows that American society tends to say that certain people can't do certain jobs because of their color or sex or religion. So people like Cliff work twice as hard to prove themselves. But the beautiful thing about Cliff is that he's a man who truly loves his wife — all of her — and they both love their children. That's really why people watch the show — because of the family. When the show is over, I think people have the reaction I have to it: I smile and feel good.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to educate viewers as much as entertain them?

COSBY: Oh, absolutely. See, the difference between Cliff and *All In The Family*'s Archie Bunker is that I don't remember Archie ever apologising for anything, and it's a point on our show that when Cliff or anybody else does something wrong, an apology is in order.

Maybe I sound like someone who's trying to sell something to an audience, but I do have a track record in education: I started with *Sesame Street* three weeks after it went on the air, and from there I went to *The Electric Company* and to *Fat Albert.*

PLAYBOY: The idea for this show supposedly originated with Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment, who saw you do a monologue about children on *The Tonight Show.* Is that true?

COSBY: Yes, but the genesis of the show was more complicated than that. Several years ago, I decided I wanted to do a TV show that all my children could watch without my wife and me worrying about how it would affect them. I'd heard a lot of people say, "I don't want to let my children watch television," and I was feeling the same way. The situation comedies all seemed to get their laughs by using euphemisms for sexual parts of the body — lots of jokes about boobs and butts. And if there was a detective show on — and I'm not talking about the Tom Selleck show now — you'd see cars skidding on two wheels for half a block, or else some cat would be dropping to his knees with a .357 Magnum or sticking the gun in somebody's mouth. The language was getting tougher, the women were stripping down faster, and if you had a five-year-old daughter, she was watching men shooting bullets and drawing a lot of blood.

Let me jump way ahead of what we're discussing for a second, because I want to tell you about a very crazy moment for me. When NBC eventually went with *The Cosby Show,* they asked me to speak to a big crowd of advertising people who were being introduced to the network's '84-'85 line-up of shows. Well, I started to talk to them about why I wanted to do another TV show, and on a screen right behind me, NBC is running film clips of its new shows, and I tell you, if they ran clips of seven cop stories, six of them had the cars on two wheels, the guy busting into the room with a big gun and somebody in a bathtub about to be blasted. I'm there looking at this stuff and thinking, my own network is the one I'm trying to kill off. I really *did* set out to change all that.

PLAYBOY: Did Tartikoff get in touch with you about your monologue?

COSBY: No, but word of his idea reached Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner, two young producers, and they set up a meeting with me. We agreed very quickly on the basics of the show. The mother and father would both be working, they'd love each other very much and they'd have four children living in their New York apartment. We were in complete agreement on everything until I mentioned the guy's occupation.

PLAYBOY: They didn't want a doctor?

COSBY: No, *I* wanted the guy to be a *chauffeur.* Marcy went crazy when I said that. She told me she couldn't see me as a chauffeur, and I said, "Hey, chauffeurs make good money. The guy will own his own car, meaning he'll be free to be at home at all kinds of weird hours — especially when his wife is working."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you glad you ran into Marcy Carsey?

COSBY: [*Laughs*] No, no, I'm not! And you should have heard the arguments we had when I decided I wanted my wife on the show to be a plumber or a carpenter! Well, I was arguing long and hard with Marcy and Tom, but I was standing tall. I think I could have got them to go along with me. But then I changed my mind.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COSBY: Because Camille, my wife of 22 years, said to me, "You will not be a chauffeur." I said, "Why not?" And Camille said, "Because *I* am not going to be a carpenter." I asked her, "What's the problem here? Is there something wrong with being a chauffeur or a carpenter?" And she said, "Bill, of course there's nothing wrong with those occupations — I'd be stupid if I thought that. But nobody is going to believe that *you're* a chauffeur. Your image has always been university, college, grad school. Nobody's going to believe it when you put on a uniform and stand beside a car and start polishing it. And people are going to laugh in your face when they see *me* with a hammer!" Well, I gave up on the idea right then and there.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we have this right: You changed your mind because your wife felt that your TV wife's occupation — and yours — wouldn't square with the real image?

COSBY: Oh, no, I changed my mind not only because I absolutely trust Camille but because at that point in the discussion she had got upset with me. My wife doesn't get upset about casual things, but now she was *really* upset; she was asking me to go visit a psychiatrist and bring back a note. Case closed. I went back and told Tom and Marcy they were right, and we changed Cliff's occupation. Then they went up to Tartikoff with it and, boom, money came in and we did the show.

PLAYBOY: Who decided that Cliff Huxtable would be an obstetrician?

COSBY: I did. I wanted to be able to talk to women who were about to give birth and make them feel comfortable. I also wanted to talk to their husbands and put a few messages out every now and then.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

COSBY: That fathering a child isn't about being a *macho* man, and if you think it is, you're making a terrible mistake. It's about becoming a parent.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've succeeded in putting out those messages?

COSBY: Oh, sure. In one episode, a new husband comes into Cliff's office and says, "I'm the man, the head of the household. Women should be kept barefoot and pregnant." Cliff tells the guy that being a parent has nothing to do with that kind of concept of manhood. And he really straightens him out by telling him that neither he nor his wife will be in charge of the house — their children will. But this is an example of why I say I always felt the Huxtables' jobs have very little to do with the show. It's the behavior, the dealing with the children, the dealing with the wife that makes it work.

PLAYBOY: But just as Cliff's profession gives him the opportunity to make certain points, doesn't his wife do the same thing in her capacity as a lawyer?

COSBY: Yes, but I don't think what she has to say emanates from a set of law offices. What I'm after is what happens to an individual. I'm not going after a broad social turnaround tomorrow. How can I put it? [*Pause*] Look, I think I have faced these situations enough to say that if I threw a message out hard and heavy, I'd lose viewers. But if the message is subtle, people who want to find it will find it; and if they want to make changes, they will.

PLAYBOY: Which message do you mean?

COSBY: Any of them. Take the black female lawyer who's been in a firm for seven years and is hoping for a promotion. Generally, if you're black and female in a white-male firm that you've been fortunate enough to get into, well, when you're looking for that promotion and you don't get it, you're out. But if I put that on the show, my experience tells me no changes will come of it. So she got the promotion.

PLAYBOY: Since it obviously doesn't always work that way in real life, can't you be accused of giving viewers — especially in the example you just mentioned — a sugar-coated version of reality?

COSBY: It's my position and feeling that if I put a situation that's behaviorally negative on the show — let's say Claire deserves the promotion and doesn't get it — then I'll be putting some lawyers on the defensive. And what's the result? They'll say, "Listen, I don't want to hear this." If somebody doesn't want to give you something, they're going to continue not to give it to you, regardless of what you say. And if they find you doing something they don't like, they will at that point explain they were *about* to give it to you, but now that you've done something they don't like, they *won't* give it to you. It's my Uncle Jack theory.

PLAYBOY: Care to tell us more about it?

COSBY: Well, I had an uncle Jack who owned a bicycle shop. The man knew that I loved bikes, and I'd go down to his shop and just salivate at the sight of all those bicycles. I was 12 years old and my uncle Jack knew how much I wanted a bike, but he'd never given me one. He let me ride bikes inside the shop, and one day I ran into his glass showcase and cracked it. Uncle Jack said to me, "Bill, I was going to give you a bike, but since you just broke my showcase, forget about it."

Well, at the age of 12, I just said to myself, "Uncle Jack wasn't going to give me a bike anyway." That was a valuable lesson to learn.

PLAYBOY: And that has shaped your approach to dealing with social issues?

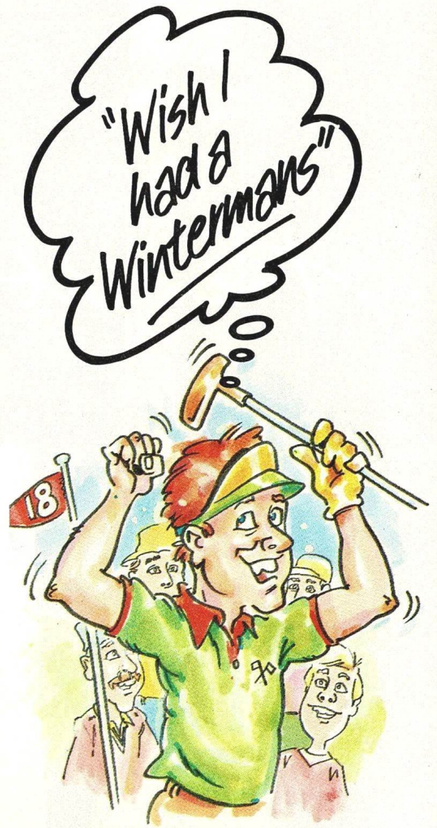
COSBY: Absolutely. By letting Claire get her promotion, I feel that when the show is rerun and rerun, there will be lawyers out there who'll see it and who'll maybe give a black, white or Asian female the promotion those women may deserve. We always try to put out a positive, and all the people on that show are very positive. The result is that we won't have lawyers looking at the show and saying. "Don't tell me the rotten guy who turned Claire down is *me*!" They'll want to be smart, like the lawyer who gave her the promotion.

PLAYBOY: If we follow your reasoning, then, is it fair to say that *The Cosby Show* avoids presenting *any* rotten characters?

COSBY: I really try not to. I'd rather have people we all recognise and who, in their own way, are funny.

PLAYBOY: You've already mentioned the overlap your wife felt between your real family and your TV family. Do the Huxtables have four daughters and one son because Bill Cosby is the father of four daughters and one son?

COSBY: Oh, sure. What's funny is that in the beginning we all agreed that the Huxtables would have four children. We had excluded the character of my real daughter who's away at college. It wasn't until after we did the first show that I felt that my oldest daughter was missing — I really wanted her to be part of that family in terms of my ideas. Sondra Huxtable, who's played by Sabrina LeBeauf, a very fine actress, is not our oldest girl, Erica. But in terms of having that family work, in terms of what I know, I *needed* an oldest daughter away from college. My only regret now is that we don't give Sabrina enough work. At the writers' meetings, I'll say, "Now, look, somebody remind me that we've got to bring



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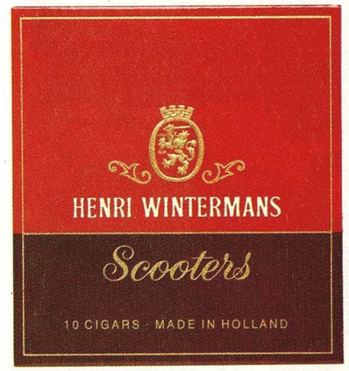

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Sondra home. I want to see her."

PLAYBOY: Do the Cosby children ever get upset because their father is duplicating or extending some of their own foibles on national television?

COSBY: No, because in my stand-up-comedy work, the children have already seen me talking about them and naming them and embellishing what they've said or done, and they've always been cool about it. Sometimes they even enjoy coming back to me and saying, "Oh, look, Dad, please, I don't want people to think I'm like *that*."

PLAYBOY: Some of the stories are straight out of real life, though, without embellishment, aren't they?

COSBY: Oh, yeah. There's a story I tell about my son, Ennis, walking around looking real thoughtful one day when he was 14. The boy obviously was working up his nerve to ask me for something big — a father *knows* that look. He finally came up to me and said, "Dad, I was talking to my friends, and they think that when I'm 16 and old enough to drive, I should have my own car."

"Fine. You've got wonderful friends," I told him. "I think it's terrific that they want to buy you a car."

The boy looks at me in shock. "No, Dad, they want *you* to buy the car."

This does not come as a shock to me. "What kind of car did you have in mind?" I ask.

"Gee, Dad, I think it would really be nice to have a Corvette."

Can't fault the boy's taste in cars. I say to him, "Look, son, a Corvette costs about $25,000, and I can afford to buy you one. I'd *like* to buy you a Corvette — but not when you don't do your homework and you bring home Ds on your report card. So I'll make you a deal: for the next two years, you make every effort to fulfil your potential in school, and even though Corvettes will then cost $50,000, I'll buy you one. And I won't even care if you *do* bring home Ds. If your teachers tell me you tried as hard as you could, and that you talked to them every time you had a problem with your work, well, if a D was the best you could do, I can't ask any more of you. Just give a 100 percent effort in school for the next two years, and you've got yourself a Corvette."

My son gets very quiet. Finally, he looks up at me and says, "Dad, what do you think about a Volkswagen?" Young Ennis, by the way, is now 190 centimetres tall.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get out on a basketball court with him?

COSBY: No way. Ennis is much too quick and too strong for me. Listen, I run in a competition for older guys called the Masters, and if I can't beat men my own age — which I can't — what would I be doing going up against an 18-year-old kid? Ennis is a good athlete, but he's a gentleman athlete. He's not from the days of yesteryear, when you stayed out on the court for 17 hours even if the temperature reached 40 degrees. I mean, Ennis has *sense*.

PLAYBOY: More than you had as a child?

COSBY: No question. You know what my problem used to be — among others? Embarrassment when I found out that someone else was right and I was wrong. I'll give you an example. When I was about 12, my grandfather said to me, "Don't play football until you're 21 years old." Now, this was a man I loved and respected. I said, "Why, Granddad?" He said, "Because your bones won't heal until you're 21."

Very quietly, I dismissed him. He was not a high school-educated man. This was a hard-working steel driver, Samuel Russell Cosby, but I said to myself, "This man is trying to stop me from doing something I want to do." So I played football in junior high, I played it on the street, I played it in high school. Got on the football team at Philadelphia Central High School. First game, I jumped over a guy and cracked my humerus — my upper arm. They put a cast on it and I was out for the season.

So I'm on the sofa in our house, and my grandfather comes all the way from his house on the trolley car. He always would come over to tell me a story and give me 50 cents — the story *before* the money. He was a very wise man. So this day, he looks down at me and says — well, it's what he *didn't* say. He didn't say, "I told you so." He just told me to take care of my shoulder — and I've never felt worse, more embarrassed. His mere presence —

PLAYBOY: What passed between the two of you at that moment?

COSBY: Fifty cents. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the Huxtables and the Cosbys, do you ever feel you're the head of two families?

COSBY: Very much so. But I don't get my children and wife confused with the people I work with. They're family in the same way Bob Culp and I were family when we worked on *I Spy* and still are. The people on *The Cosby Show* are people I love and care for, and I have things I want for the TV children. But when the day's over, I don't have any problems with them. And I know that Phylicia is family in the sense that she could be my young sister. I have a deep respect and love for her.

PLAYBOY: You had final say on casting *The Cosby Show*. Why did you choose her to play your wife?

COSBY: Phylicia knew how to look at a kid when you put all the guns on the table and say, "You go upstairs to your *room*," and the kid knows that if he doesn't do it, he's going to find himself walking on hot coals without his shoes on. Marcy and Tom brought me the three finalists for every role, and Phylicia won flat-out. In dealing with children, some mothers yell and nothing is happening except the sound of a woman yelling. Phylicia was able to say "case closed" just with her eyes.

Lisa Bonet, who plays Denise, was also an obvious winner. Lisa was just what I wanted for Denise — a fashion-conscious teenager who's hip but who appears to be a little off-centre and might just decide to become Greta Garbo. She's not on drugs and isn't supposed to look like she is, but I wanted Denise Huxtable to seem a little spaced out, and Lisa has that quality.

Tempestt Bledsoe, who plays Vanessa, was clearly the best in her category. First year, she was the gossip and the child with the wisecracks. Then she was discovering boys, letting her jersey flop off one shoulder and, when not checking herself in the mirror, was always on the phone.

PLAYBOY: Which was the toughest role to cast?

COSBY: Theo, the son. When the three finalists for the part read for me, the boys all had a similar way of reacting to the parent telling them to do something: they sucked their teeth and rolled their eyes before answering. I said the same thing to all three separately: "Do you have a father?" "Yes, sir." "If you said something to your father that way, what do you think would happen to you?" They all gave a sheepish smile and said they'd either wind up going through a wall or doing a crash landing out on the street. So I asked them to talk to me the way they would to their fathers, and we had the three boys go back into the hall. When Malcolm-Jamal Warner came back, I loved what he did. The moves were right; he was talking to his *dad*. He's a very flexible young actor. There was another boy I liked, and I almost asked if I could have two sons. At that point, I knew we were going to have four kids in the house, and I wasn't too sure I wanted one of them to be a six-year-old girl.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

COSBY: I told Marcy we'd be there shooting for the rest of our lives if we had a little kid. Now, Marcy was the one who wanted the teeny-weeny, and when little Keshia Knight Pulliam came in — I mean, you can't argue about whether or not she's a beautiful little girl, because, of course, she is. But I really didn't think I wanted to work with someone so young. After meeting Keshia, I said, "Okay, she's very, very bright and she'll be able to handle it."

Well, now when people talk to me on the street or on planes, they all tell me they could just *bite* that little girl — I mean, Keshia's more than earned her keep. Getting her was a very smart decision on Marcy's part, because when you look over the Huxtable family, there's a kid for just about every age group.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any pressure about maintaining your top ranking?

COSBY: The pressure in television is to stay in the top 20. You fight to stay alive each week, and you do a lot of hoping. And meanwhile, you've got a show to put together and then perform, and en route to doing that, you watch the numbers. It's almost as if each week, you're a person looking back to see how you lived. You know, right now, it may look like I'm the

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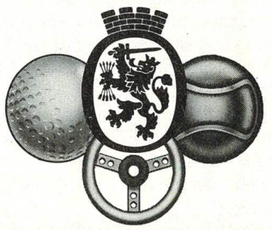

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boss, but the ratings dictate who's the boss, and when the numbers drop, you get a visit from the network SS men.

PLAYBOY: Who are those horrible people and what tortures do they inflict?

COSBY: Well, they're executives who seem to get younger and younger every year, and they say things like, "We think you ought to try doing it *our* way," which is not what you want to do. I've been there before. If and when the rating erosion occurs, you weigh what they say, and if it's worth anything, you try to comply. This is a very cold business, and if you don't look at it that way, you can get hurt.

PLAYBOY: You and Richard Pryor met in the Village when you were both coming up, right?

COSBY: Yeah. He was at the Cafe Wha? and I was at the Gaslight.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take so much longer for him to make it?

COSBY: They wanted only one at a time.

PLAYBOY: And for then, that was you.

COSBY: Well, I came up at a time when Dick Gregory was doing very tough political humor, and I admired him so much I started out doing the same thing. But then I decided I had to break away from that; I felt that if Americans were going to judge people as individuals, you didn't have to hammer people over the head. So if I played the hungry i in San Francisco and then the Apollo in Harlem, I didn't go to the Apollo and load up on anti-white material, nor did I load up on you-black-people-better-get-yourself-together talk. I did the same show at both places and people reacted the same way in both places: they laughed.

PLAYBOY: People often compare your comedy work with Pryor's and Eddie Murphy's. What's most obvious is the difference between their use of profanity and your avoidance of it. Has that been a calculated decision on your part?

COSBY: No, it's just that I've never been comfortable with profanity. During the early '70s, there was a time when I used profanity on stage for about six months. I was trying to get the audience to understand the language between a father and a son, and it involved a lot of cursing. I did a bit that showed my father cursing me and I found that the audience. . . just was *not ready* for me to curse on stage. So I cut it out, and I had to find another way of doing that piece without using curse words. Now, I happen to think that Richard's way of using four-letter words and 12-letter curse words has nothing to do with Eddie Murphy's way of using 77-letter curse words.

PLAYBOY: So you don't find Pryor's humor offensive?

COSBY: Richard to me is like Lenny Bruce, and I think a lot of what he does and says is to try to get people to understand different kinds of behavior. Richard has also developed some characters that I absolutely admire, such as Mudbone and the wino in a crap game — I've known those people. I've seen them, I grew up around them and they were wonderful. Those are not embarrassing characters. Pryor also has a brilliant study of a man getting drunk and coming home and wanting to punch out his wife but being too loaded to do anything but pass out. All of these things are pertinent to human behavior.

Now, I wish I could explain Richard when it came to physically abusing himself, but I can't, because I don't know behaviorally where Richard is or was then.

PLAYBOY: You seem ambivalent in your feelings toward Eddie Murphy. What do you think of the choices he's made thus far?

COSBY: Listen, Eddie Murphy is a young man who is extremely, extremely intelligent. In terms of performing and self-editing, Eddie Murphy has made a choice. He knows what's right, he knows what's wrong, he knows what will upset people and what will not upset people. He has decided he'll say what he wants to say, and if it upsets people, fine — but he's going to say it, anyway. Now, I don't happen to think of Eddie as a stand-up comedian. One of the reasons there are only a few stand-up comedians like Billy Crystal and Jay Leno around is that when somebody gets hot, they go into movies — and Eddie Murphy packs people into theatres. The question, perhaps, then comes down to this: Is Eddie Murphy, with his street language, harmful?

When Murphy broke into movies in *48 Hours*, I agreed with Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*, who raved about the young man. I did not agree with the total about-face she did on Murphy in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Same fellow, right?

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when Murphy impersonated you on *Saturday Night Live* as a kind of pompous, cigar-waving Bob Hope figure?

COSBY: I didn't mind it. I think there are always these positions younger people take, coming into a field, looking at older people and thinking, Hey, you're not that good: I can be better. That's how you get pupils to surpass their teachers.

PLAYBOY: So, overall, you like Murphy's brand of humor.

COSBY: I like his movies — his *movies*. They make me laugh. They make a *lot* of people laugh. That's not an easy thing to do, which is why I have a problem with the entire entertainment industry and its rejection of comedians. People in the industry will admit that comedy is a tough business. They will also admit that you have to be very intelligent to be able to get people to laugh. Well, if we weigh and measure the importance of making an audience laugh and the good feeling people get from that, why does the record industry always make sure it won't even *announce* who won best comedy album on the Grammy telecast? And I think it's just flat-out dumb for the movie industry not to nominate funny actors like Steve Martin for Academy Awards. Academy Award nominations almost always go to actors who are deeply serious and who are in serious movies. Of course, a lot of those movies are funny anyway.

PLAYBOY: Are you grousing because you've made 10 movies and have yet to be nominated for the Academy Award?

COSBY: Absolutely, absolutely not! Whatever chance I ever had to be nominated was when I was part of the big cast — Maggie Smith, Michael Caine, Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor and me — in *California Suite*. The producer of that movie, Ray Stark, called me and told me he was taking out ads and trying to get everybody nominated, and I told him I wasn't interested. It's very difficult to tell producers that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you?

COSBY: For the same reason I told the Emmy people that I didn't want to be nominated for *The Cosby Show*: I remember the years with Bob Culp on *I Spy*, being up against my buddy and hoping that I'd be the one chosen. . . for *what*? Well, because it's the highest award you can get from the television academy. Okay, I won Emmys three years running, and then I started hoping my television specials would be chosen for an Emmy over somebody else's television specials. But I wasn't *making* television specials in hopes that mine would be chosen over somebody else's. I'm not doing this situation comedy in order to compete with Bob Newhart and Robert Guillaume.

As far as that possible Academy Award nomination, hey, I knew that Ray Stark was talking to me about money, because if you're just nominated — you don't have to win — you'll be more in demand and you'll be offered more money the next picture you act in. Meanwhile, I have to tell you my performance in *California Suite* was not very good. I really didn't understand about a third of what I was doing in that movie.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

COSBY: Doc [*Neil*] Simon's lines don't knock me out; but then again, I'm not an actor, I'm a stand-up comedian. I like a flow from one line to another, and I just couldn't make the connections between Simon's lines. That had nothing to do with Doc's being white and Jewish. It just had to do with me — and Pryor, too, I think — not being a trained actor. If they'd done our segment with black actors like James Earl Jones, Cleavon Little, Clarence Williams III or Al Freeman Jr — fellas who know their way around Chekhov and Ibsen and who also know their way around the complexities of a character — well, the thing would have come off better. But I still enjoyed working with Richard and I enjoyed the physical parts of our piece — the fight and the tennis match.

PLAYBOY: Despite your successful collaboration with Sidney Poitier in *Uptown Saturday Night, Let's Do It Again* and *A Piece Of The Action*, movies have never really been your medium. Has that been a source

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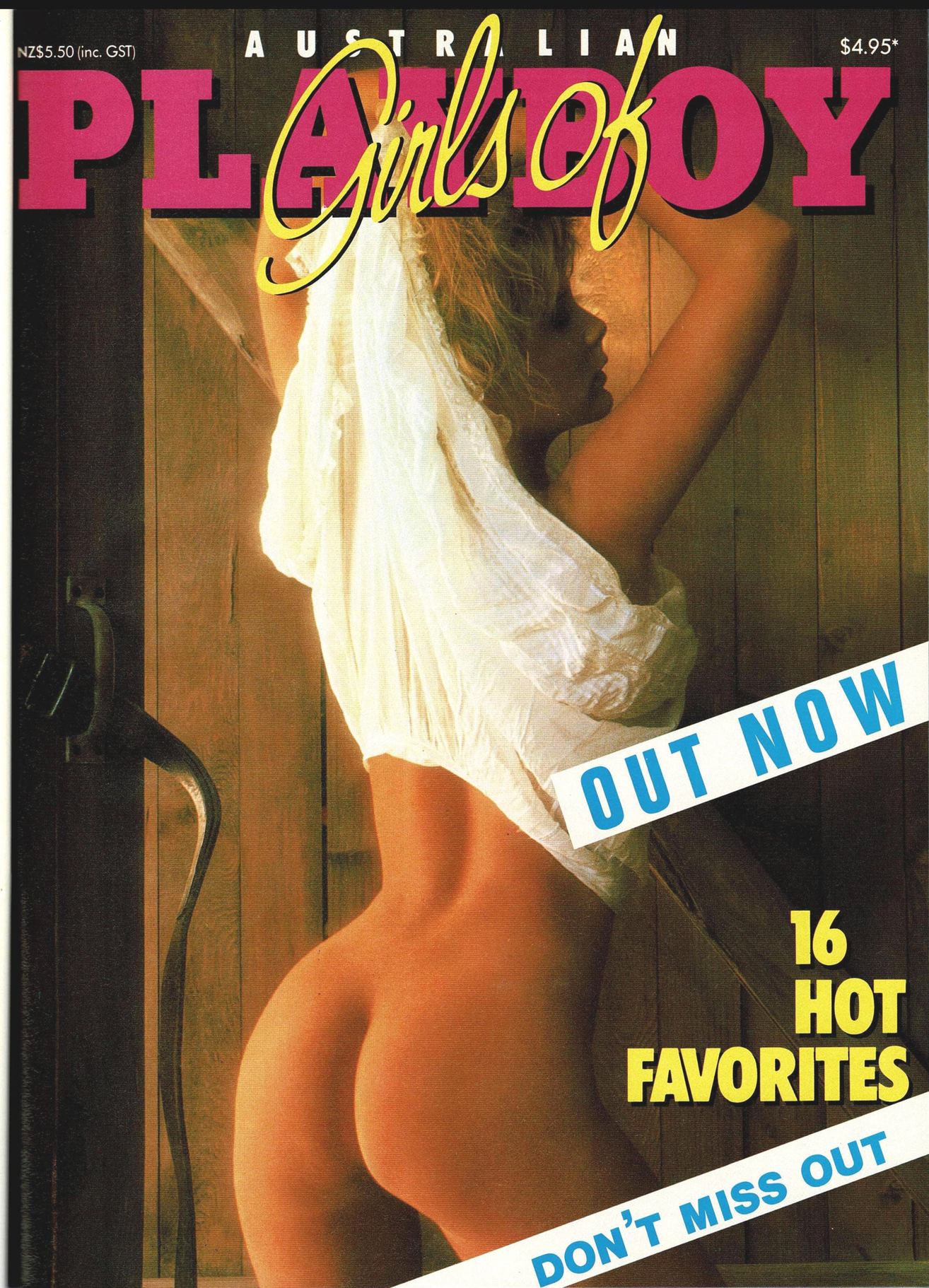


Should the dingo be fenced off, shot at and eventually exterminated? Or is it just the world's most misunderstood dog?

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME

ON THE NIGHT of August 17, 1980, when baby Azaria Chamberlain disappeared from the family tent during an Outback camping holiday, it only confirmed what most Australians already believed without question — that the bloodthirsty dingo was capable of almost any crime.

Not even the subsequent conviction of Mrs Lindy Chamberlain for the murder of her 10-week-old

Article by
BRIAN JACKMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PAUL FERRERO/AUSCAPE

daughter in the most controversial criminal case in Australian history did much to change that view; and the latest evidence — absolving Mrs Chamberlain and branding the dingo as the true killer — is another body blow for those who have been trying to change public attitudes toward the country's most maligned quadruped.

The dingo is the world's most mysterious dog. Nobody knows exactly what a dingo is, or how it came to be in Australia. Even the origin of its name is unknown. To the Aborigines who live in the great empty heart of our country it has always been known as the "warrigal".

The oldest known dingo skeleton is only 3000 years old, and the most likely evolutionary theory is that the species is descended from a Stone Age dog — a half-tame version of the Indian wolf or Indian wild dog, introduced by Aboriginal invaders some time in the past 8000 years.

Only one thing is certain. Long before the first European set foot in Australia, the tough, rangy yellow dog of the Outback, with its wolfish muzzle and erect, pointed ears, had become a wild animal in its own right.

Even so, as if mindful of its semi-domesticated past, the Australian dingo still occasionally kept company with tribes of Aborigines who shared the same waterholes and hunted the same prey in the red dune deserts. Inland nights are cold in winter, and it is said that man and dog would huddle together for warmth.

When the British colonists arrived bringing cattle, sheep and rabbits, the dingo thrived. Better still in the arid Outback was the gift of water in the form of innumerable dams. Every dog has its day, and now indeed was the day of the dingo. From coast to coast, hunting singly and in packs, they fell on the defenceless livestock, ripping and slicing with their razor-sharp teeth.

If they killed only enough sheep to satisfy their food requirements, the dingo's presence would have been tolerated in sheep country. But dingoes *do* kill sheep and eat very little of them, nipping out the kidneys and passing on. This style of hunting may be triggered by the panicky behavior of sheep, and the large numbers in the flock. What's certain, however, is that dingoes and sheep don't mix.

As can be expected, the stockmen fought back. The dingo was declared vermin. The only good dingo, said the graziers, was a dead one. So the yellow dog became an outlaw with a price on its head, to be shot, trapped and poisoned. It gave rise to a new profession: the bounty-hunting "dogger" or dingo-trapper.

To try to protect the vast sheeplands, a wire fence was built, two metres high and supposedly dingo-proof. For 8560km it snakes across the Outback from the Great Australian Bight, wandering deep into tropical Queensland before heading down past

(continued on page 114)

No escape for a kangaroo cornered by ravenous dingoes.

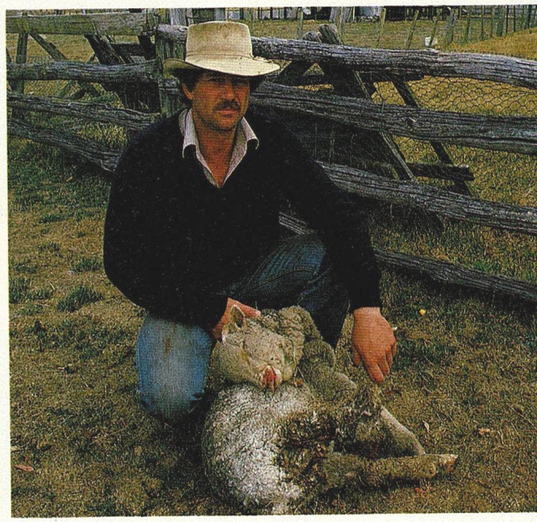
Although dingoes are solitary by nature, they sometimes hunt in packs.

Dingoes kill many sheep but actually eat little of the meat.

GARY STEER

Pack of dingoes feeding off a kangaroo kill.

GUNTHER DEICHMANN



Left: Weathered dingo trapper in outback Australia. Right: Farmer with the remains of a sheep attacked by dingoes.

GUIDE TO THE BEST OF SUMMER

BEACH BALL!

THE JOYS OF SUMMER. String bikinis as flimsy as dental floss on lean ladies' loins. The tactile sensation of oil on skin tanned to a supple mocha. Need we say more? The surf is up, the sun is high, we're heading for the beach and you're coming along. There'll be plenty of fun because we've got lots of beach toys, Australia's best ice creams, the 10 top beach movies, and pages of beach girls — who prove, once and for all, that less bathing suit definitely means more enjoyment. Speaking of less suit, there's even a guide to the world's best nude beaches. Come on in. The water's *fine!*

Sun! Surf! Sex! We're throwing a splashy party and you're invited. Take the plunge!

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE PETTY

The beach is a bunch of silica improved by the presence of women. We plonked these down at some of our favorite beach haunts.

A splashy salute to our golden girls of summer.

THE WET SET

There are two ways to look at the healingly warm weather. You can shrug. Or you can simply throw up your hands.

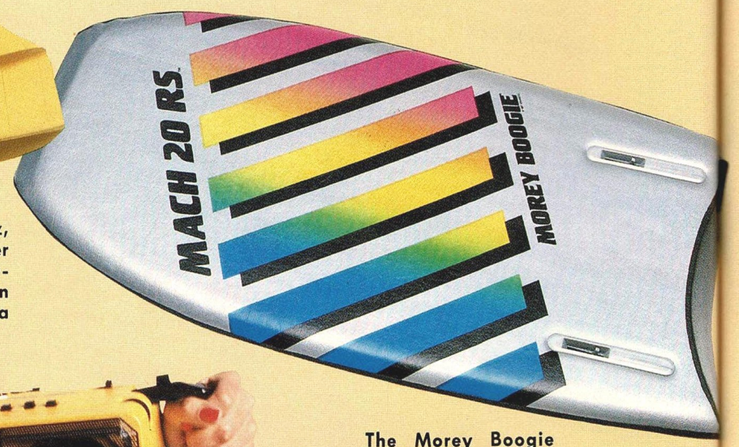
A girl can decorate her body with lots of beads of water or with colorful accessories and a serious, probing attitude.

From a snarly four-wheeled bike to the gun Aussie-designed flippers, here's the best of beach toys for big boys and slick tricks for surf chicks.

SUMMER JOYS & TOYS

This is the Kawasaki 650SX jet ski. It's power precision and fun — $6613 registered on the water.

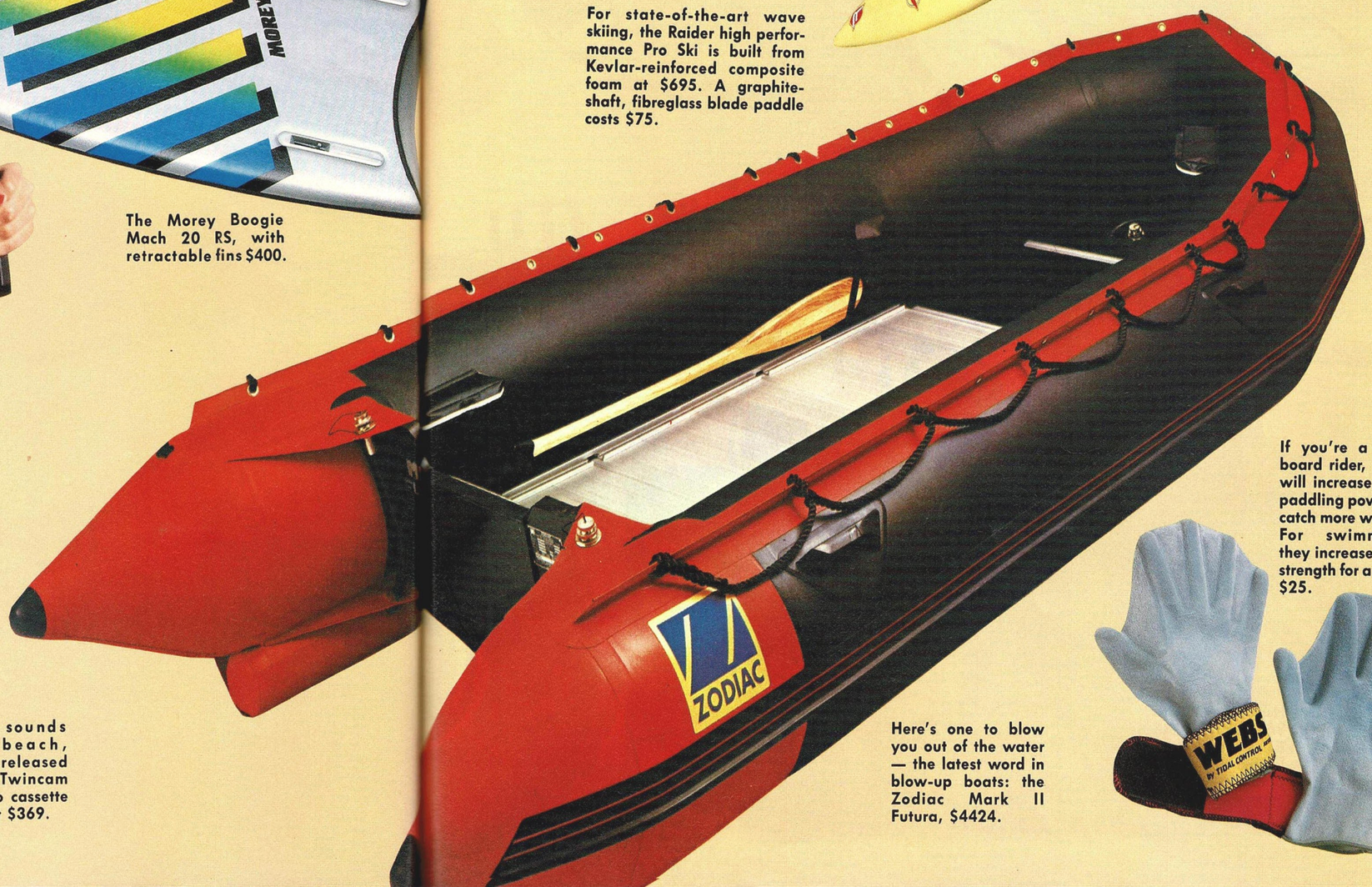
The Hydro Finz, designed by former Australian body-surfing champion Don McCredie, are $65 a pair.



The Morey Boogie Mach 20 RS, with retractable fins $400.

For great sounds on the beach, Sharp has released its new Twincam stereo radio cassette recorders at $369.

For state-of-the-art wave skiing, the Raider high performance Pro Ski is built from Kevlar-reinforced composite foam at $695. A graphite-shaft, fibreglass blade paddle costs $75.



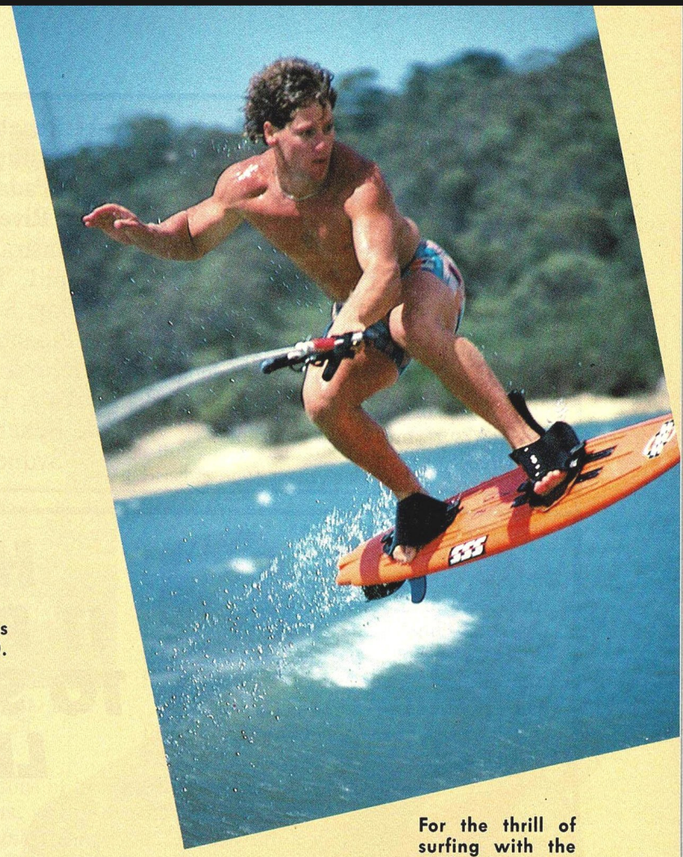
Here's one to blow you out of the water — the latest word in blow-up boats: the Zodiac Mark II Futura, $4424.

If you're a surfboard rider, webs will increase your paddling power to catch more waves. For swimmers, they increase your strength for a mere $25.

For wind-assisted speed, you can't go past the F2 Lightning sailboard (below right) constructed from epoxy carbon at $2599 with a centreboard. The perfect sail (below left) to complement the F2 is the Neil Pryde World Cup Racing 7·3m² at $795.

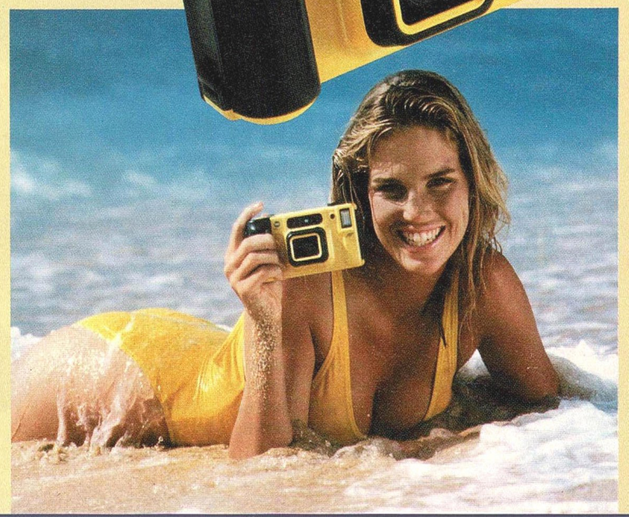
The Compleat (Underwater) Angler: Mares Power Plana fins ($105); silicon mask by Tabata ($72); Wenoka rust-proof diving knife $54; Sea Hornet Tourist aluminium spear gun ($78).

An Arai motocross safety helmet is $290.



For the thrill of surfing with the skill of water-skiing, the SSS Ski-board is your toy at $325.

How about the four-wheel Honda TRX 250 with five-speed clutchless transmission at $5380?



Here's the Minolta Weathermatic 35 DL with dual lenses. It's waterproof down to five metres and even floats, for $425.

TOP 10 SURFING BEACHES

Two-time world surfing champion Tom Carroll has travelled more in his 26 years than a "normal" person does in a lifetime. As a connoisseur of perfect surf, Tom lists his all-time Top 10 favorite surf breaks in order of preference.

Sunset Beach, Hawaii
Uluwatu, Bali
Padang Padang, Bali
Margaret River, Western Australia
Hapiti, Tahiti
Jeffreys Bay, South Africa
Banzai Pipeline, Hawaii
Summercloud Bay, NSW
Jocko's, Hawaii
Whale Beach Wedge, Sydney

HOW IT PAYS TO SAVE LIVES

Think a lifeguard has the ultimate cushy number? All he has to do is perch in the sun and flex his pectorals for all those female admirers? Well, think again. A professional lifeguard has already gone through the Surf Life Saving Association's voluntary system and obtained the bronze medallion for surf awareness, surf rescue, emergency services and setting-up of patrols. To get that medallion he has learned board rescue, tube rescue, patient care, resuscitation and first aid. He's served as a crewman on a rubber ducky (an inflatable rescue boat) doing patient support and resuscitation in deep water. And on top of that he's had to run 200m, swim 200m and then run a further 200m all under eight minutes. But because he works on weekdays at city beaches when there is no voluntary assistance, the professional lifeguard must swim 800m in 14 minutes, then run 1600m in less than seven minutes. For $300-$350 per week, it sure isn't all candy floss and crumpet.

AUSTRALIA'S BEST WINDSURFING SPOTS

Robert Armstrong, editor of *Freesail*, Australia's leading windsurfing magazine, chooses our top wind-and-waves locations, in order of merit.

Margaret River, WA: Wind and waves often the equal of anywhere in the world.

Long Reef, Sydney: Because *everyone* goes there, even if they don't like it.

Merimbula, NSW: The nicest water color between Sydney and Melbourne and it's always windy.

Wanda, Sydney: Because you can't come in on the rocks.

Whitehaven, the Whitsundays: The sand is whiter, finer and further away from a city than anywhere else on this list.

Palm Beach, Sydney: It's the only city beach that I know of in Australia that covers both a surf beach and flat water — that keeps twice as many boardsailors happy!

Sans Souci, Sydney: Because it has a pub on the beach.

Lennox Head, NSW: Because all the boardsailors who go there end up living there.

Duranbah, Queensland: It works in the winter but it's still warm.

Bells Beach, Victoria: If surfers can do it, so can windsurfers.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BEACHES

HOT LICKS

The Ice Cream Taste Test

What's the very best summer snack? What melts in your mouth, trickles down your throat, cools you off and is best shared in a crunchy cone for two? Ice cream, of course. It's the ultimate summer cooler. Sensuous, soothing and just a trifle wicked. Ice cream is as much a part of the Aussie summer beach scene as zinc cream on the nose and sand between the toes.

We decided it would be fun to put Australia's top ice creams to the test so we invited the cream of Australia's food critics to a special tasting session. Critics included cooking writer Helen Arbib, chef Michael Manners, editor Diane Parks, restaurateur Beppi Polesi, food critic Leo Schofield, and food editor Meg Thomason.

Ice creams tested included Norgen-Vaaz, Plume's, Streets, Peters, Pauls, and Royal Copenhagen, and our experts licked their way through four flavors: vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, plus an exotic flavor of the ice cream manufacturers' choice. Streets Blue Ribbon was voted the best vanilla by the judges, while Streets and Royal Copenhagen shared first place in the strawberry department.

Norgen-Vaaz was the clear leader among the chocolate ice creams, and also won the honors in the exotic flavor category — Norgen-Vaaz honey ice cream was a point ahead of Plume's walnut, rum, and raisin.

10 BEST BEACH FLICKS

Puberty Blues: The poster said it all.

The fusion of youth, sunshine, cinema and sandy stretches of oceanfront real estate became a certifiable film genre circa 1963, when a movie titled *Beach Party* caught the attention of the world's teenagers. Titles like *How To Stuff A Wild Bikini* belied their essential innocence. Now, of course, Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon have hit the beaches once again as somebody's mum and dad in *Back To The Beach*, directed, improbably, by Australian Lyndall Hobbs in her first feature assignment. Believe it or not, the ingredients are the same, and all the more fun as a consequence (Annette still throws all-girl pyjama parties when she's depressed which the boys gatecrash) but watch for new cult figure Pee Wee Herman singing *Surfing Bird*.

Awesome? Thank God there's more to such flicks than initially meets the roving eye. Letting the mind wander back to all the beaches and sons of beaches ever devised by movieland, we'd pick the following bests, in alphabetical order.

1. ***Beach Blanket Bingo*** (1965): The fifth and generally hailed as the maximal boy-Frankie-meets-girl-Annette clambake. With young Linda Evans as a bonus beauty.
2. ***Big Wednesday*** (1978) : Jan - Michael Vincent, Gary Busey and William Katt as the archetypal surfing buddies who reunite after the Vietnam War for The Big One. Strangely melancholic, but great surf footage.
3. ***The Blue Lagoon*** (1980): More than slightly idiotic, but lush. Brooke Shields, on an atoll with Christopher Atkins, starts growing up under the appreciative eye of a great cinematographer, Nestor Almendros.
4. ***Coolangatta Gold*** (1984): The movie they had to invent a race for, with Nick Tate as the obsessive father favoring one son (Colin Friels) over real champ Joss McWilliam.

Back To The Beach: The Big Kahuna does it again!

5. ***From Here To Eternity*** (1957): Deborah Kerr and Burt Lancaster, writhing in that orgasmic Hawaiian surf, created what may be the lustiest, most imitated beach encounter in screen history.
6. ***Jaws*** (1975): Seaside suspense from Steven Spielberg that knocked everyone's socks off. When the shark tried to swallow the entire boat you knew it would *never* be safe to go in the water again.
7. ***Lifeguard*** (1976): Sam Elliot starred in a new breed of surf movies as a guy who'd rather catch rays than join the rat race.
8. ***Morning Of The Earth*** (1971): Produced by David Elphick and Albie Falzon, and regarded by the *cognoscenti* as the best documentary of the surfing lifestyle while it still retained its outlaw status, with timeless footage of the legendary Michael Peterson.
9. ***Puberty Blues*** (1981): Jaundiced, surfie chick's-eye-view of the Oz surf culture rang oh-so-true. When Nell Schofield defies convention and surfs for herself, the feeling of exhilaration is tremendous.
10. ***Swept Away*** (1975): Lina Wertmuller's bitter comedy has rich-bitch Mariangela Melato and Commie deck hand Giancarlo Giannini falling madly in love on a desert island.

Sport by **KEN PIESSE**

AND ALONG CAME JONES

A marathon batting stint against the Indian XI in 1986 let cricket fans know Dean Jones had arrived.

THE SEARING MADRAS sun slowly cooked the M.A. Chidambaram stadium — and all those in it. Unrelenting and oppressive, the 110 degree heat had even the locals passing out. Full of expectation, they packed every corner of this concrete hot box. Some shone mirrors, a few lit firecrackers, all barracked.

Australia's elite cricket XI, minus many of its best known heroes, could not be a match for their own beloved Indian conquerors. Surely, it too would buckle, just as the pride of England had crumbled weeks earlier.

Deep in the orchestra pit, young Dean Jones was preparing to enter the fray. "To lose patience is to lose the battle," he kept repeating.

International cricket had been a cruel platform for the 25-year-old Victorian, one of the most talented of our young cricket buccaneers. He'd promised so much, yet had been omitted from national team tours of New Zealand and England and now was back in the XI for only his third Test match.

Doing a last check of his gear, he emerged from the relative calm of the dressing room, to be dazed by the humidity. It wasn't yet noon but the September heat was intense, the brightness incredible. The wicket already featured large cracks and was white, like the all-time Test tracks.

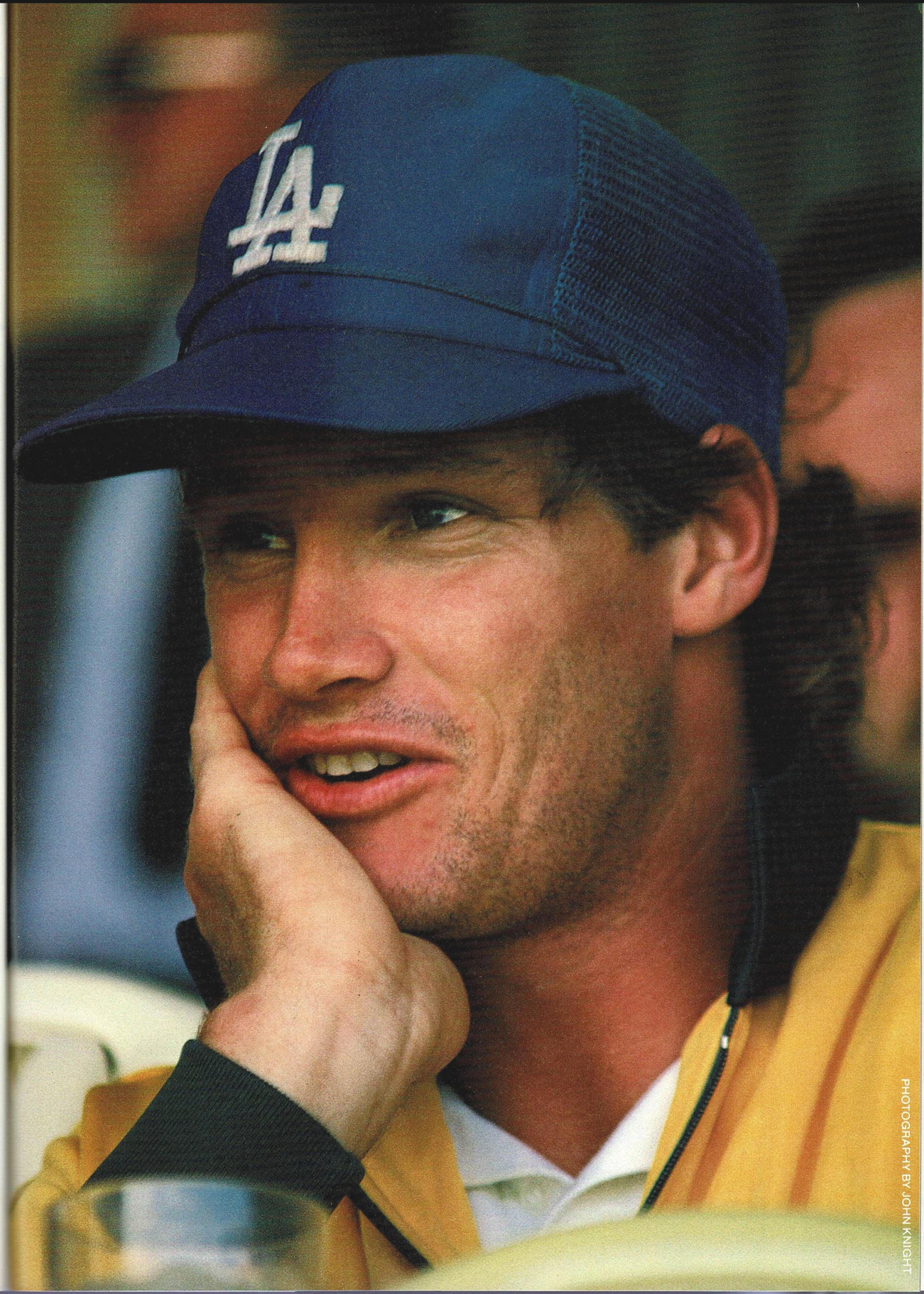
The Indians had included three quality slow bowlers in their XI who eagerly anticipated the experience. Buoyed by an early wicket, they were hardly perturbed when they glanced at the scoreboard and saw the name JONES being lifted into place. He'd yet to aggregate 100 runs on tour — and that was from five innings. He was unproven, inclined to be impetuous, and on tour to date had shown a marked preference for new-ball bowlers — rather than having to graft against the guileful spinning types, renowned for making the ball magically duck and twist even on the slowest of wickets.

He'd be easy, they thought.

Jones had been the popular pick to be 12th man in this opening Test, before the wicket was shaved (clearly in favor of the spinners), which prompted the Australians to omit one of their fast bowlers on the morning of the match. The tallish, erect Victorian had hardly a glance for the close-in fieldsmen, who formed an intimidating wall, looking for an edged catch. Several were within touching distance of his back pocket. "Concentrate, work hard. Concentrate, work hard," he said to himself.

The Indians whizzed a couple threateningly close to his bat. There were several appeals but he survived, his jaw resolutely set, his bat broad, his resolution unbending.

At the close of that gruelling, energy-sapping opening day in September 1986, he was 56. It would have been worth 100 in Australia.The Indian *(continued on page 110)*



JEWEL IN THE CROWN

India Allen's name isn't the only exotic thing in her life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

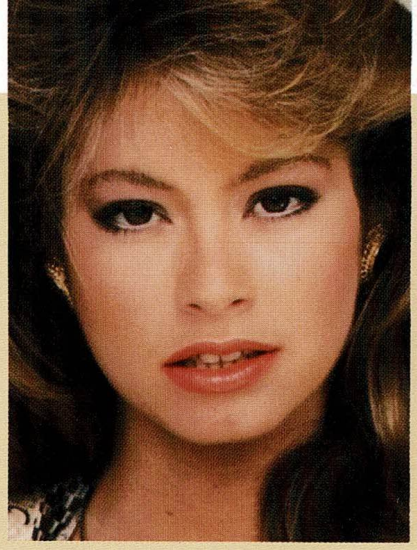
For India Allen, life has offered up very few surprises — which, when you think about it, is one of the logical benefits of having a psychic for a mother. Mum, a full-blooded Algonquin Indian who has looked into the future for various celebrities and even attempted to help police solve crimes, "saw" her daughter's pictures on these pages, and urged her to try out as a Playmate as soon as India turned 18. "I didn't have much self-confidence then," admits India, who's now 22. But four years of modelling all over the world "has really toughened me up," she says. "It's amazing that being rejected can give you so much confidence."

Once I walked through the doors at *Playboy,* I felt as if this is where I belonged,'' says India. ''It was really weird. At school, I was a natural athlete. I played hockey and tennis, and I was real good at netball. When you're tall, you get recruited for every sport,'' says India. ''I never thought I would be a beauty queen. I got busty in my senior year, but the rest of me just stayed totally straight all the way down. I didn't get any curve at all, and I still don't have much.'' India, you're putting us on!

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lydia Alu



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: India Allen

BUST: 89cm (35") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 86cm (34")

HEIGHT: 180 cm WEIGHT: 58 kg

BIRTH DATE: 1·6·65 SIGN: Gemini

AMBITIONS: To buy my own animal hospital and have a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Washboard stomachs, smart men, animals, new Porsches

TURN-OFFS: Hurt animals, drugs, rude people, traffic and smog.

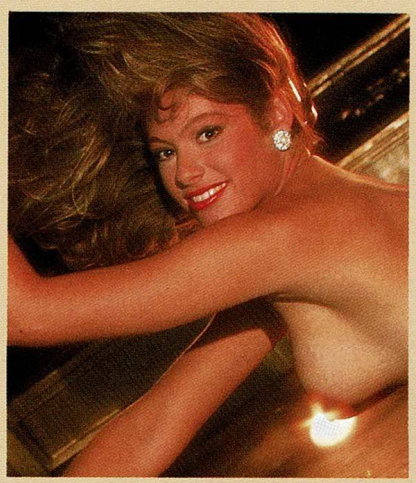
FAVORITE BOOKS: James Herriot's Dog Stories, Dune, The Fourth Protocol.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Clint Eastwood, Matthew Broderick, Michael Jackson

FAVORITE SPORTS: Motorcycling

IDEAL MAN: Someone intelligent who will share my love of animals.

SECRET FANTASY: To take off on a motorcycle with my ideal man down the South Coast to a secluded beach surrounded by bush.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The teenage boy walked the streets of Kings Cross for several hours before he finally got up enough nerve to approach a prostitute.

"I've only got $5," he mumbled to the streetwalker.

She took pity on the lad and did the deed. A few days later, however, he had a raging itch in the groin and went to see his doctor.

"You've got crabs, young man," said the medico, prescribing the appropriate treatment.

That night the teenager went back to the Cross and tracked down the prostitute.

"Hey, remember me?" he challenged. "You did me a special deal for $5 the other night and now you've given me crabs!"

"What did ya expect for five lousy bucks?" she replied. "Lobster mornay?"

The old man had lived all his life in a little house right on the Victorian side of the New South Wales/Victorian border. One day, the surveyors came to inform him that they had just discovered he lived in New South Wales, not Victoria.

"Thank heavens!" was his reply. "I didn't think I could take another one of those bloody Victorian winters."

After making a daring escape from prison, the convict eluded bloodhounds and police roadblocks and dodged helicopter searchlights on his way to see his wife.

Finally sneaking in through the back door, he smiled triumphantly at his wife in the kitchen.

"Don't you come in here grinning like that. Where the hell have you been?" she blared. "The radio report said you busted out four hours ago!"

When I drink, *everybody* drinks!" a man shouted to the assembled bar patrons. A loud general cheer went up.

After downing his whisky, he hopped on to a bar-stool and shouted, "When I take another drink, *everybody* takes another drink!"

The announcement produced another cheer and another round of drinks. As soon as he downed his second drink, the fellow hopped back on to his stool.

"And when I pay," he bellowed, slapping five dollars on the bar, "*everybody* pays!"

A driver, obviously drunk, was heading the wrong way down a one-way street when a policeman pulled him over.

"Didn't you see the arrow, mate?" asked the cop.

"The arrow?" said the confused driver. "I didn't even see the Indians."

When the usher noticed a man stretched across three seats in the front stalls of the theatre, he walked over and whispered, "Sorry, sir, but you're allowed only one seat."

The man moaned but didn't budge. "Sir," the usher insisted, "if you don't move I'm afraid I'll have to call the manager." The man moaned again but stayed where he was so the usher left and returned a few moments later with the theatre manager.

After several attempts to dislodge the fellow, the manager called the police.

The cop looked at the reclining man and said, "All right, what's your name, joker?"

"Joe," he mumbled.

"And where are you from, Joe?"

"The balcony."

Mick, who had a reputation for being a bit of a skinflint, had been down on his luck for months and, though not a devoutly religious man, had begun to visit his local church to ask for God's help.

One week, out of desperation, he prayed, "God, I've been a good and decent man all my life. Would it be so terrible if You let me win the lottery just once?"

The despondent bloke returned week after week. One day, Mick, nearly hopeless now, prayed, "God, I've never asked You for anything before. I just want to win one little lottery."

As he dejectedly rose to leave, God's voice boomed, "Mick, at least meet Me half way on this one. Buy a lottery ticket!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Fiction by George Alec Effinger

Glimmer, Glimmer

Rosa's relationship with Joel had lost its glow. So they decided to add a spark.

ROSA WATCHED her husband build up the campfire. He dropped on a double handful of sticks and branches, and the flame blazed brighter, sending sparks into the evergreen boughs overhead. As the fire died, Rosa waited for contentment. She waited five minutes. She waited another five minutes, and she realised that she did, after all, feel something, but it wasn't contentment. What she felt was anxious suspense. Rosa had felt that way ever since her husband Joel had surprised her with the suggestion that they take this holiday.

Joel hadn't taken a single day off work in the 12 years they'd been married; he was a workaholic, a dynamo, the Fuhrer of downtown Sydney. He had started out as a sales clerk in his father's small dress shop, and now he owned more than 300 fashion outlets in shopping malls across the country. Whenever Rosa had brought up the subject of a holiday, Joel always said that he had his empire to protect. Which made it all the stranger that he had proposed this cycling trip around New South Wales.

Rosa took a can of insect repellent out of her pack and sprayed her arms, hands and face. She walked around the fire and offered the can to Joel. He sprayed himself and gave it back to her, and she went back to her pack and stowed it. Then she looked across the campfire at her husband. "So tell me," she asked, "is this trip saving our marriage or what?"

In the twilight she saw him shrug. "It's just too early to tell," he said.

She started to reply, closed her mouth, then lay down in her sleeping bag and turned her face away from him. She didn't fall asleep for a long time, she was too busy thinking.

In the morning, over coffee, bacon and eggs, Joel took out a creased and torn map. "There's a national park less than a day's ride from here. We'll make the camp-ground by dinner-time. We can spend a little while looking at flowers and butterflies and stuff," he said.

Rosa was irritated by his condescending assessment of her life's work in biochemical research: flowers and butterflies and stuff.

Rosa pedalled mightily to keep up with her husband's furious pace while the land altered

gradually from farms and empty paddocks into thick stands of pine trees. And then a wooden sign told them the national park was 25km further. An hour later they were there: a profound and unbreakable hush wrapped them almost immediately. Rosa stared at Joel's sweat-streaked back and wondered what he, the blouse-monger, her off-the-rack tycoon husband, was thinking about.

She also wondered where Joel was planning to stop for the night. They had already passed several areas set aside for campers and caravans. Her husband had made it clear that he didn't want to use these campsites; he'd rather go out into the *real* bush. And Rosa didn't get a vote in the matter.

After another hour, Joel announced, "Let's get off the trail." They dismounted their bikes and, with Joel still insisting on leading the way, ploughed deeper and deeper into the silent forest. They finally came to a stream, and Joel suddenly decided they had come far enough. Rosa glanced at him; he seemed strangely elated.

That evening, after dinner had been prepared, eaten, and the dishes washed, they stared into the flickering flames of their fire. As usual, they had nothing to say. Rosa studied Joel's face; his new intensity troubled her. They had had a bitter confrontation prior to this trip and Joel — livid at the prospect of losing half his hard-earned empire in a courtroom — had shouted that he would never, but *never*, stand for a divorce. Period. Then he invited her on this trip. Maybe he had something else in mind, she thought.

"Look," Joel finally broke the silence. "Fireflies."

"Yeah. I love fireflies. You're the science expert — what makes them light up?"

"It's a chemical reaction," said Rosa. "Bio-luminescence. People sometimes call them lightning bugs but they're not bugs. The only insects that are true bugs belong to the order Hemiptera. Fireflies belong to the order Coleoptera."

"So big deal." Joel stared into the darkness. "Look," he said, pointing. "Look how it's shining underneath that bush. I don't believe how bright it is."

"The females. Glow-worms, people call them."

"Look how many there are," said Joel. "My God, I've never seen so many."

"You couldn't even describe this to anybody," she said.

"They wouldn't understand how gorgeous it is," he continued. "Everybody's seen fireflies, but not many people have seen them like this."

She stood up, went to her pack, and took out a spray can labelled insect repellent. "It's getting late, the humidity's gone up, and the mosquitoes will be murder," she said, gently.

"Hey, Rosa, look over there." Joel walked further out into the woods.

Rosa looked where he was pointing. "What about it?" she asked.

"I've never seen so many fireflies in my life. It looks like there's a shopping centre glowing behind those trees." He walked into the blackness far away from the campfire.

"If you're going out there, better spray yourself some more. The mosquitoes are fierce," Rosa yelled after him.

He walked back to her and took the can she offered. He sprayed all his exposed skin, then tossed the repellent back to her. She raised a hand to catch it, but missed.

"Aw, come on. Leave the fire for now. Let's enjoy the night together. The weather is perfect, and I'm feeling good," Joel said.

Rosa followed her husband a few metres further into the trees, then stopped. Joel moved ahead of her. The fireflies flashed and flickered all around him, surrounding him. He was literally swarmed by thousands of yellow-green points of lights. Rosa observed, rivetted.

"There are even more of them here now," Joel called out. "Away from the glare of our fire, it looks like a real swarm or something."

"It's their mating season," said Rosa.

Deeper into the woods, the fireflies were flashing brighter and faster. The insects were so luminous, they looked like a bonfire. "My God," Joel murmured. He moved slowly toward the tiny lights. "At home, we've got fireflies, but I've never, never seen anything like this. It's scary."

As Joel drew closer, the insects flared brighter, melding their billion pinpoints into a constant, fierce, greenish glow. "Rosa?"

"I'm having a nice cup of tea here by the fire," she called to him, though she wasn't. "I may even save you some," Rosa said. She slapped a mosquito and killed it.

Joel's figure was black against the pulsing greenish light of the fireflies. She heard him laugh, then choke. He spat and gagged. Rosa imagined what it must feel like to have a large insect wriggling in your mouth. She shuddered in complete revulsion.

Fireflies brushed Joel's face, formed a halo around him. His hands waved as he tried frantically to fling them away. Rosa saw him fall down on his knees. "Rosa!" he cried weakly. She stood up to watch him.

Joel was kneeling on the ground, his arms wrapped tightly around his head. He seemed to Rosa to be clothed in a thick, persistent cloud of throbbing yellow-green. The fireflies covered his face and neck entirely, and his arms and hands. A mass of insects sprawled over his chest. She heard Joel whimper, then retch as he tried to clear his throat. He was choked, smothered. He rolled to the ground and thrashed from side to side, slapping his face with his hands and making queer, pathetic sounds. Rosa saw him crack his head painfully on the rough trunk of a tree.

"Joel," she called, and moved toward him, cautiously. "Joel!" It was the strangest sight she had ever seen. Thousands of insects crawled in a glowing, undulating blanket over Joel's contorted body. Rosa stared horrified but fascinated. In a few moments he was unrecognisable in the midst of a vast, greenish aura.

Rosa realised that her muscles were cramped and stiff from tension. Her exposed skin was ravaged by mosquito bites. She turned to go back to the fire and took out of her pack the safe can of repellent — the one with the grey lid — and sprayed herself thoroughly. Using a plastic glove, she picked up the other can of repellent — the one with the black lid — from the ground where she had let if fall when Joel had tossed it to her.

She dropped this can, filled with firefly sex-pheromone, into a plastic bag. She unpeeled the glove, put that in the bag, too, and sealed the bag with a twist-tie. She'd dispose of it later. She left all the camping gear behind, just as any terrified and grief-stricken wife would.

Everybody's got a bullet with his name on it

INSTEP

Shoes to get your feet a-dancin', a-runnin', and a-walkin'.

Fashion by VITEK

The secret to being a well-heeled man on the street is to treat the feet to a good pair of shoes. The man with soul is smart enough to get the right sole, and today's shoe makers manufacture an amazing array of footwear for almost any taste. Choose high tech sports shoes cobbled from material developed during NASA moon walks, pick up a pair of "Doc" Martens dalmatian prints, or cut a wild streak with mother-of-pearl winkle-pickers. But whatever you do, stop pussyfooting around — and get in step.

You could well be on the road to success — if you're game enough to wear these as everyday shoes. Right on, anti-clockwise from the right: do the dog with Dr Martens dalmatian print, $140; deep blue suede ankle boots by Ercolus, $160; colorful sandals with woven leather uppers from Aquila, $110; leather topsiders from Aquila, $98.

When the mood is formal you'll do better with something just a little different. From the right, quick smart: eye-catching leather winkle-picker with mother-of-pearl finish by Succhi, $90; the Gulliver slip-on by Neo, $130; the very popular tassel slip-on by Aquila, $136; and a closed sandal for high summer formal by Neo, $120.

In the long run your feet will thank you for this sort of shoe. Running clockwise from the left: ROOS 944, synthetic light-weight fibre pioneered by NASA during moon walks — from Kangaroo shoes, $80; ROOS 900, a tough ankle boot, $80; the Reebok walking shoe, $129; Allegiance by Puma, $65; the new Questar W features an eye-boggling, traction-tread, multi-zone outsole — from Adidas, $80.

A GUIDE TO THE ETIQUETTE OF THE ONE-NIGHT STAND.

WHAM BAM, THANK YOU, MA'AM

THE MORNING AFTER can be a blast; it can also be a bust. Depending on your condition the night before, you might find yourself waking up with the good, the bad or the ugly. Somewhere between Ita Buttrose and Bettina Arndt, there exists a code of conduct which can be applied to the wide range of scenarios that you may encounter — from when you want to extend a magnificent morning after into an all-day affair, to when all you can think about is running out the door. It's an etiquette that includes remembering to screw on the toothpaste cap in her bathroom, just as it includes learning how to communicate with honesty and respect. Too often, you wake up from a one-night stand amid the stink of spilled booze and cigarette butts. Your mouth feels

Sex by **LIZ BRODY**

ILLUSTRATION BY MIRELLA BORDIGNON

like mulch, you haven't slept much, and you're stuck with a stranger whose sexy night moves have lost something in the morning wash.

The worst scenario is what's known as a *dingo date:* You wake up, with your arm under her and, like a dingo, you'd consider chewing it off in order to escape without waking her up.

Indeed, the morning light has a way of revealing acne you didn't notice the night before. Many men have ready-made excuse systems on hand to short-circuit such nasty situations: golf games with the boss, 7.30am business breakfasts or international telephone conferences. When she won't budge, some men will go so far as to hop in the shower, get dressed for a fictitious occasion and walk out the door with her. Once she's safely gone, they'll crawl back to bed in peace, glad to be alone.

While some guys swear by such ruses, the experts come out in favor of truth. Don't squirm out of the situation by telling her you'll call when you know you won't, says Charmaine Mejdrech, a marriage, family and child counsellor. "If you do, you're setting yourself up to be pursued and harassed by her. If you really never want to see her again, the best way is to say gently that she's not your cup of tea. If she asks why you can elaborate," she says.

Getting such matters straightened out right away will be to your advantage. "If you let things go, it's very anxiety producing," says Janine Beiderman, a therapist who works with singles. "She'll go home and wait by the phone. You'll go home and wonder, 'Should I call her? Does she want to see me?' "

Dishonesty with your partner — or worse yet, slipping out the back door — can come back to haunt you. Bob, a 23-year-old musician with an R&B band in Melbourne, was visiting Zurich with his friend Craig when he met an Aussie girl at a concert. They all wound up smashed in a hotel room which had eight beds shoved together like wall-to-wall carpeting. Bob and the girl made love while Craig sat on the next mattress, smoking a cigarette and looking out at the pigeons crowding the window-sill.

"I woke up early the next morning," says Bob, "and I was frantic. I just had to get out of there. This girl said she had to go feed some guy's dogs and would be right back, but after she walked out the door, I woke up Craig and said, 'We have to go tout de suite.' We took a circuitous route to the train station, totally paranoid that we would bump into her. We didn't. But every time I went back to Zurich, I was afraid I'd see her."

MORNING-AFTER JITTERS

Sometimes the girl you wake up with is fine, but in the morning-after twilight zone between last night's fantasy and today's reality, you are overwhelmed by awkwardness. Perhaps the earth *didn't* shake the night before. It's quite common to be agitated about your sexual performance and to wonder what she thinks of you. (And it is just as common for her to worry that she may not have passed muster.)

The key to easing sexual awkwardness the morning after is to talk about how you feel, something that's not so easy to do. Greg, a 27-year-old X-ray technician, recalls a one-night stand with a girl last New Year's Eve. "I felt awkward because I had been in sexual positions I was never in before. Like doggie fashion. I wondered what am I supposed to do now? It takes practice and I didn't want to practice on her. Also, I am thicker than normal and I was wondering if she was screaming out of pleasure or pain."

Shyness prevented Greg from discussing his uneasiness with his partner. One sex therapist offers a way out of such an awkward situation: "Admit that you were nervous," he says. It's disarming, and it pays off, since she'll loosen up and talk about what's on her mind.

Another problem is that men's and women's sexual expectations are often out of sync. Men love to have a lot of one-night stands, but women are programmed to go for intimacy. However, this old-fashioned discrepancy is eroding. Many women today are just as hot for casual sex as men; many men hope sex will lead to an emotional relationship. Once again, talking about what you want can pave the way for future relations.

But when you wake up merely wanting to stretch your nocturnal sex break into a great morning or day, there are several appropriate activities to consider — the most popular being more sex. Canberra lawyer Robert, 29, says that his tactic, while she's still asleep, is to reach into his night stand drawer and pop a Tic-Tac into his mouth. Then he nuzzles over and wakes her up slowly. If this caressing and touching afterplay turns into foreplay, "I go for it."

Showering together before, during or after sex can be an erotic way to wash away any lingering doubts about the night before. Breakfast is important — order it in, get it catered, make it together, drink champagne, eat it out. "If I like a girl," says Bruce, a yuppie real estate agent from Sydney's Woollahra, "I wake her up and say, 'Get dressed, we're going out for breakfast.' When she asks where, I tell her Double Bay. Then we get in my Porsche and zoom away."

MANNERS FOR A ONE-NIGHT STAND

When all is said and done, carrying off a successful morning after depends in large part on having good manners. (After all, you are either a guest at her house or a host at yours.) Following are some of the most essential:

1) Don't ask, "Was I good?" It has an amateurish ring to it and is likely to go down like a lead balloon. If you've got to know, couch the question in terms of caring for her — ask her how she liked it, how she felt.
2) Don't, under any circumstances, ask her name in the morning. If you've managed to forget it from the night before and still want to know, hand her your address book and ask her to put her name and number in it.
3) If she's staying at your place, make her feel at home. Show her where the soap is, offer her a clean towel, lend her your bathrobe.
4) If you end up at her house, be especially careful to leave her bathroom as you found it — fold your dirty towel, wipe the sink after you shave, and screw on the toothpaste cap.
5) Don't leave the toilet seat up. This always aggravates women.
6) Do make the bed, or help her make it, whenever possible. This will earn you merit points.
7) No matter where you spend the night, do offer her some kind of breakfast. If you're at home, dig up some juice and toast or go all the way and whip up something special. If you're at her house, suggest going out. Never leave a girl hungry.
8) Be a gentleman after a round of morning sex by getting a damp washcloth and gently swabbing her body or, better still, take a shower together.
9) Don't make physical comparisons with other girls that can be misinterpreted. Don't tell her she's bigger, bustier, smaller or softer than anyone you've ever slept with. She may be insecure about her large breasts or unexercised, soft thighs, and she may also not want to be reminded of all your other women.
10) Don't sleep through her departure. If she has to leave before you do, get up to see her to the door.
11) Always kiss her good-bye.
12) If you've had a good time, make some sort of follow-up gesture that same day or the next. A phone call or note does the trick and women still love flowers. If you don't want to be traditional, have an album she liked delivered to her office, or slip tickets to a show under her door.

No matter how you feel, treat her with respect. Your emotions at the moment might say run, but can change later on. Maybe she's friend material. Then again, she could prove to be a valuable business contact someday. A follow-up call or note goes a long way toward generating good feelings even if they aren't romantic. "I think the issues and ethics of one-night stands," says Frank, a 28-year-old futures salesman, "are no different than those of a 30-year relationship. Even if you never want to see the person again, you have no less of an obligation to be a good person to make her feel good emotionally and sexually. It integrates you as a person."

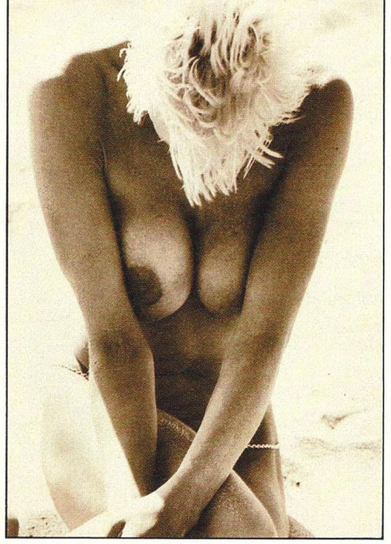
Most of all, make the experience count for yourself. If you follow ground rules based on honesty, communication and respect — topped off by a good set of manners — you can get out of a bad situation painlessly, and you can come out of a good situation feeling great.

"Maybe this time I won't blow it!"

SANS STALLONE,
SHE'S THE STRONG,
SILENT TYPE

BRIGITTE IN THE RAW

BRIGITTE NIELSEN IS one very busy woman. She's an actress, of course, the star of such films as *Beverly Hills Cop II*, *Red Sonja*, *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*. Then there's her career as a recording star: she recently cut her first pop-rock album, which includes two songs she co-wrote and has already been released in Europe.

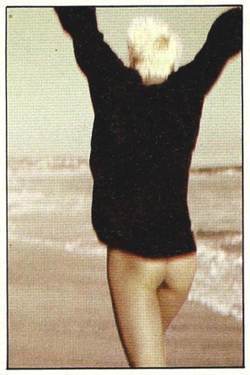


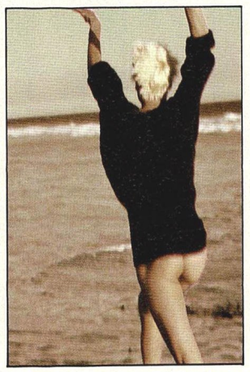
And then there's TV — Italian TV, at least, where she's just finishing a 14-week stint co-hosting *Festivale*, a popular weekly variety show on which she sings, chats with celebrities and screens her videos. "It's wonderful publicity," she says. But most of all, Brigitte is busy being half of one of Hollywood's steamiest divorces.

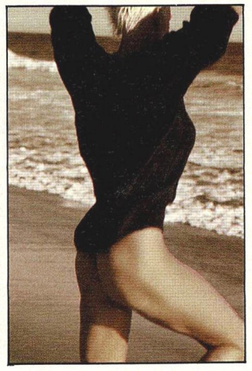
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB RITTS

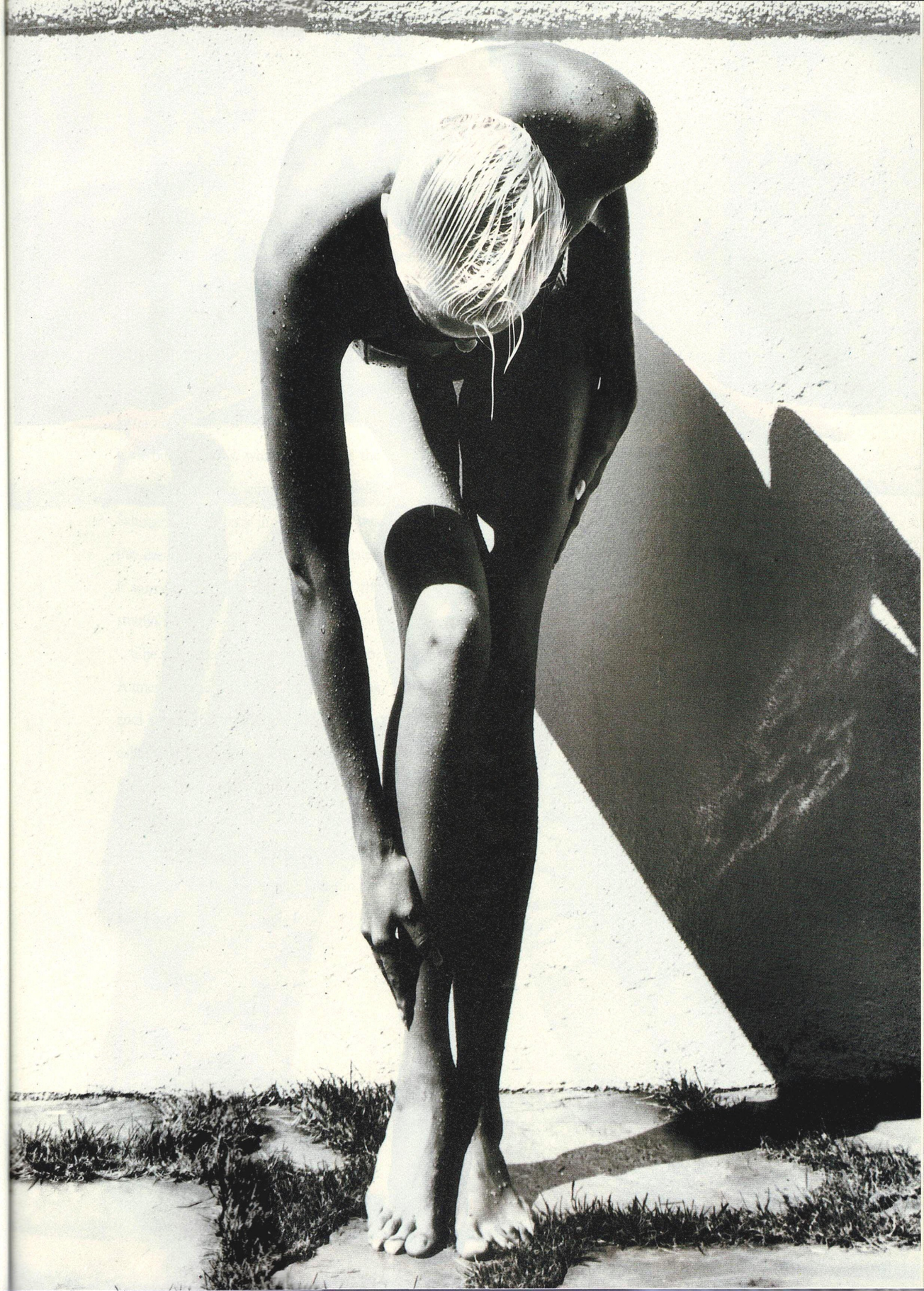
Back in 1985, it was big news when Gitte (pronounced *ghee*-ta) met Sylvester Stallone. She had gone to New York to discuss her first *Playboy* pictorial and to promote her first film, *Red Sonja*, when she discovered that Rocky himself, her longtime heart-throb, was also in town. Although married to a Danish musician and the mother of an infant, Gitte was not shy about getting to meet Stallone, leaving, she admits, eight messages a day at his hotel for five days running. When words failed and Stallone didn't respond, Gitte resorted to visual aids, sending her picture to his hotel room. That, naturally, got Stallone's attention. Within four months, they were engaged; nine months later, they were married. And, of course, 18 months after that, they were embroiled in a divorce so messy that several tabloid editors thought they had died and gone to heaven.

"SEX ON THE SLY?" headlined *People* magazine, which managed to cram all the rumors about the divorce into one juicy paragraph: "Gitte is said to have been sleeping with (1) her *Beverly Hills Cop II* director, Tony Scott; or (2) her secretary, Kelly Sahnger, whose new breasts and improved nose were a gift from her boss; or (3) *Cop II* co-star Eddie Murphy; or (4) all of the above. . . " The relentlessly tacky *New York Post*, not surprisingly, staked out the Gitte beat with a vengeance. *Paparazzi* caught her cavorting in the French seaside resort of St Tropez with banker Lucas Rossi, whom the *Post* described as "a well-known Italian playboy" and "a lusty Lothario," adding, "Brigitte's public display of togetherness with her Riviera Romeo comes just a month after European papers blamed the break-up of the Stallone marriage on a possible relationship between her and Miss Sahnger."

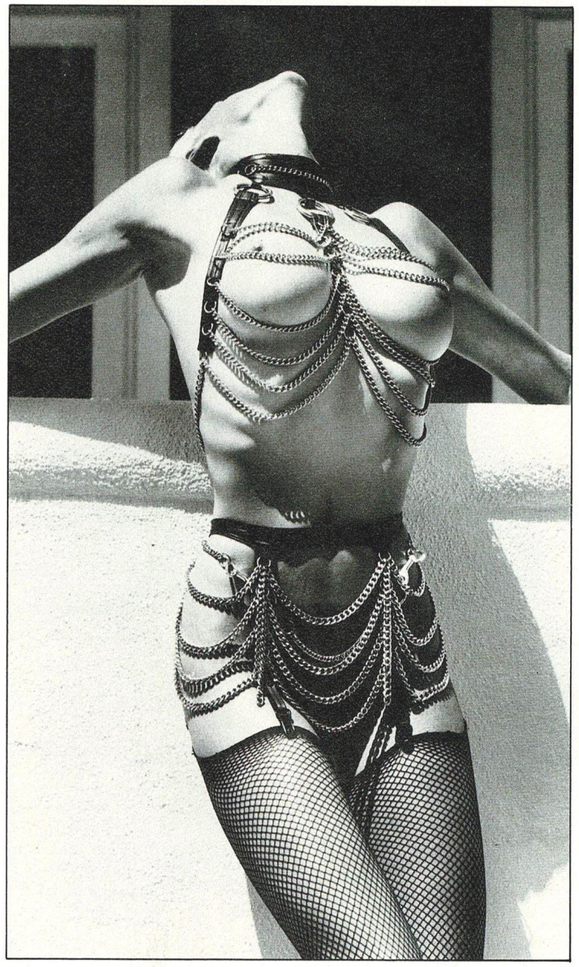








Given the enormous amount of attention she received, Gitte, who is now 24, also proved quite adept at side-stepping, well, personal queries. Her comments on the divorce have been exceedingly brief. "We are not here to talk about my private life," she told *People.* And even though she had obviously given liberally of her time for this *Playboy* pictorial (her third), nailing her for an interview was not so easy; and getting her to answer questions about what had gone wrong was a challenge that would daunt Rambo. Our first phone conversation lasted a generous five seconds. "I'm very busy right now," she said with Nordic firmness. "Could you call me later?" She was in a San Fernando Valley recording studio, putting the finishing touches on her album. Calls went back and forth; sometimes Gitte explained how busy she was, while other times the excuses fell to Kelly Sahnger (yes, *that* Kelly Sahnger). "Call back in 15 minutes" was the eventual request. Fifteen minutes later, it turned out, Gitte had already left the studio.

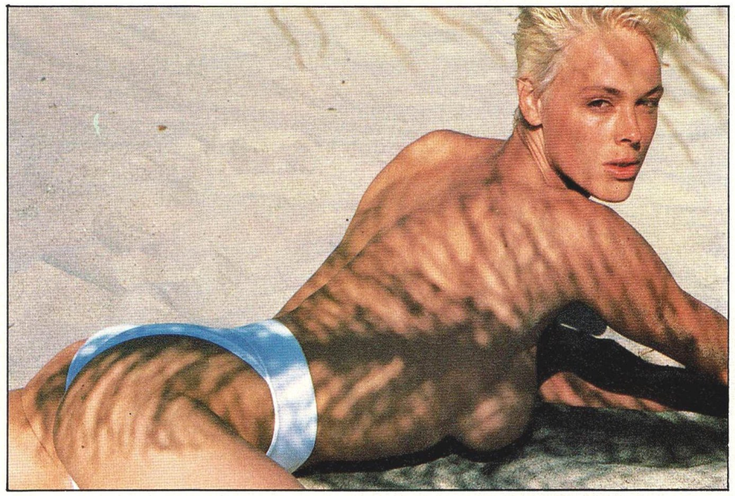


She was gone, but we were not forgotten. A mere five minutes later, our phone rang and it was Gitte, who sounded as if she was calling from an empty high school gym. She was, in fact, taking time to talk while on the high-risk San Diego Freeway, prepared to spill all on her car's speaker phone, as she headed toward home in her Mercedes.

What are we going to talk about?'' asked Gitte, while the cellular-phone signal faded in and out as the car passed between the hills. The usual stuff, we told her: her career, the pictorial, the divorce. Suddenly, we weren't talking with Gitte anymore. And we weren't on the speaker phone. Kelly Sahnger, the most infamous secretary since Fawn Hall, had picked up the car-phone receiver and was lecturing us about discussing the divorce. ''It's totally against what she wants to do or what I think she should do,'' warned Kelly. ''She doesn't want to *ever* talk about it.''

We pressed the issue but struck out. ''I don't want to sound mean or anything,'' said Kelly, sounding mean, ''but there's no use in even talking about Sylvester. It's just that she won't do that. It's old news. Why even bother to bring it up? Sylvester Stallone is out of her life.''

And, apparently, out of our interview, which turned immediately to Gitte's career news — ''I love the fact that I have both acting and music,'' said Gitte, speaking for herself this time, ''because they are such different things. In acting, you always portray somebody else. In singing, you are you — you bring your personality, your feelings, your emotions out of you,'' she confided. ''If the album is a hit in Europe, we definitely have a go-ahead here in the US. I wouldn't want to release it here if it's not good.'' Unfortunately, the vagaries of the LA cellular-phone system soon proved as formidable a challenge as Gitte. The signal faded in and out, questions and answers had to be repeated and there lingered the anxiety that if we forgot and mentioned you-know-who, we might risk causing a 12-car pile-up on the 405. At one point, the signal disappeared entirely.



Minutes later, we were relieved when Gitte called back to answer our question on why she had chosen to do the *Playboy* pictorial. Actually it wasn't Gitte. "This is Kelly again," said a familiar voice. "Brigitte and I were talking and she doesn't want to say why she did *Playboy*."

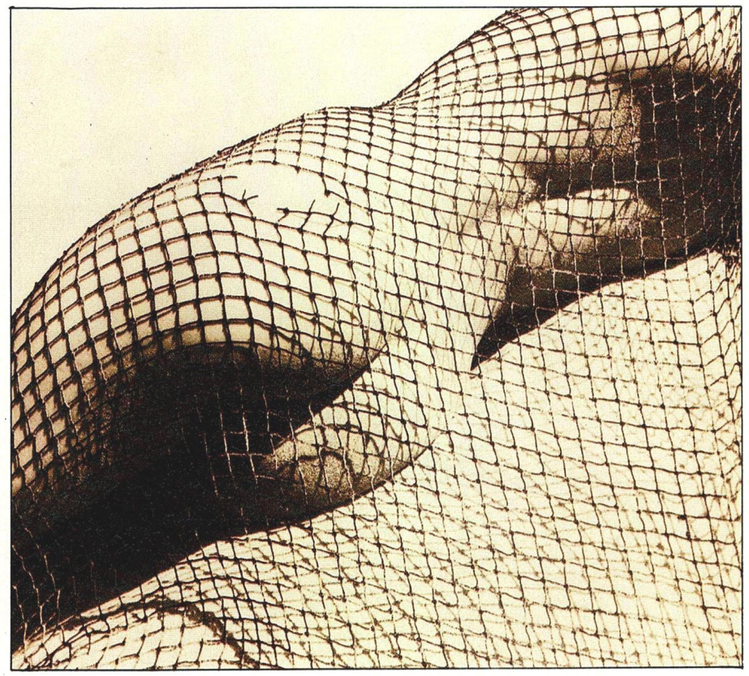
"I have a reason," Gitte broke in, "but it's not anything I'd like to talk about. It's very personal."

Having already learned how to adapt to these sticky situations, we artfully dodged the issue with a truly tough question: "Where will you be living now as a permanent home base?"

Gitte confessed that she planned to stay in LA, and now that she was no longer *chez* Rambo, she'd buy her own house. (By the way, the tabloids estimate that she's sitting pretty from the pay-out dictated by a prenuptial agreement she and Stallone had signed.) "I love the weather and I love the opportunity to be a success. People have really respected me here."

We could tell that Gitte was beginning to tire. After all, her day had started at eight that morning with business calls and meetings, and she had spent the afternoon and much of the evening in the recording studio. She was on her way home at 9.30pm to change for an important dinner meeting, and the next morning she'd be leaving for her lengthy European stay.

Do you like this pace? we asked. Don't you need more time to unwind? The phone made some strange noises. The Mercedes was apparently getting closer to home, entering a hilly area that's death to car phones. Gitte said "Hello?" plaintively, and then we were disconnected once again. It was, we supposed, life in the fast lane.



AUSTRALIA'S GREAT RACE

Rob Luck reports on the Wynn's Safari, Down Under's destruction derby.

IT IS 6AM on a Monday somewhere between Eulo and Woop Woop. On a desolate track beneath a parching, clear sky a four-wheel-drive machine is slicing relentlessly through the bushscape.

Inside, the two occupants are communicating in staccato, robotic dialogue. "Hard left over brow," says the man in the death seat. "Hard left over brow," chants the tillerman. "Double caution, jump-up," comes the next call. "Double caution, jump-up," comes the cockpit echo. The occupants are Les Siviour, Australian national off-road champion for four-wheel-drives, and alongside him, navigator Ian Glover, off-road competition correspondent

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FORSYTH

for *Road And Track* magazine.

This is no time for chat, this is deadly serious business. Following the rules implemented by airline pilots during take-off and landing, there is no idle conversation, only precise commands — and acknowledgments.

Although the two men are friends, the tension in the air is electric, for each man's fortunes rest in the other man's hands. The fortunes of this competition are like the fortunes of war if you like: their very lives are at stake. A misread command or a fudged calculation by Glover could send the machine careering into the boonies and the occupants to kingdom come. The wrong reaction from Siviour buys the same option.

Destiny lies in wait a few hundred metres down this tortured track. The car launches off a hump at 170km/h, bounces, lurches, twists, slides, dropping down into a narrow chasm between walls of loose boulders. Suddenly the fragile margin closes between the front wheel and a rocky outcrop. There is a hideous bang, and the occupants are wrenched in their harnesses.

Then nasty things start to happen — the car twists and points crazily at the walls of the canyon, threatening to launch straight into them at sickening speed. Frantically, the driver corrects, winding the steering wheel desperately against the direction of the slide. But the machine refuses to answer, continuing its careering, crazy, directionless flightpath to seeming oblivion.

Now there is something drastically wrong underneath: the front left side has collapsed on the ground and is grinding at the carpet of small stones like some gigantic power-tool gone mad. Sheets of sparks accompany a hail of pebbles up off the underbody and over the bonnet and cockpit. There is a horrible sound of graunching, ripping, tearing metal, and frequent percussion of impact with unknown, unseen objects.

Eventually the machine's energy is exhausted against another outcrop and it lurches to a standstill. The aftermath of silence is deafening, broken inevitably by a string of expletives — directed aimlessly, pointlessly, at the "steaming heap of metallic shit" that has somehow perpetrated this monstrosity. Slowly, purposefully, the two men uncoil and emerge to survey the damage. . .

It is better and worse than they feared: better because the machine, save for a lethal scar to the nearside underbelly and wheel-arch, is relatively unmarked — a living contradiction to the cacophony of self-destructing metal of a few moments ago; worse because the entire front end, wheel, tyre, brake, axle, is broken off.

It is a disaster. Surely they are destroyed, eliminated from the event, broken, beaten, in this most desolate of places miles from salvation or assistance. Slowly rational thought starts to assert itself. Sure the front axle is gone, but isn't there another one in the "chase car" coming up behind? Sure there is damage, but it is confined to replaceable components that can be bolted in with the tools that are carried in the various team cars.

Fred Gazentus and Doug Stewart celebrate steaming first into Darwin.

Long nights of repair and service for the plucky bikies.

Nissan Patrol, Ultimate Suspension's racecar: as tough as old boots.

Time to get the act together, edge the machine off the road and set things up for the mechanics and spares car that are coming.

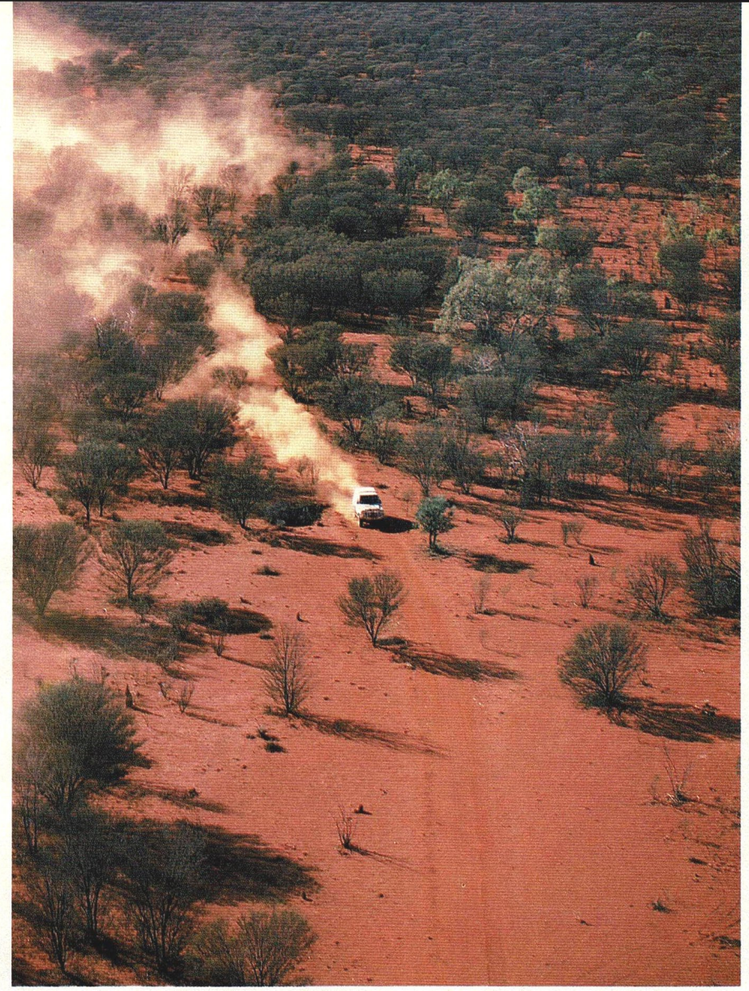
Three hours later, the same chunk of desolate bush road is empty. There is no racecar, no support car, no team of earnest mechanics battling bushflies with sweaty brows to unbolt the huge 200kg front-axle assembly from the back-up car, and get it hung underneath the racer. (The axle replacement alone is a task that is normally slated for 18 hours' work in a modern, fully equipped workshop.) Already the racecar is 80km away and Siviour and Glover are hard at work again.

But the job ahead is monumental. They are still in the race, but only just. A few more minutes' delay, and they probably would not be able to arrive at the next control inside the regulated late time limit. They are behind the end of the field, with hours of race-time to make up on competitive stages where sometimes mere split-seconds count and it is rare that there is more than minutes between the whole front end of the field. The task seems impossible — and to think they were lying third vehicle outright (first in class), moving relentlessly forward through a tough, internationally competitive field, and looking at a possible outright first place. They were, after all, only seconds behind the second-placed Mitsubishi and minutes behind the leading one.

●

Such is life in the cruellest of competitions — marathon racing. Where most motor sport competitions last hours or even minutes, long-distance rallying (which is really what it is) goes for days, even weeks. The world's ultimate event, the Paris-Dakar "Raid", takes around 22 days from Paris, to Algeria, across the worst of North Africa to the western coast of Senegal. The Wynn's Safari, rapidly becoming recognised as the second greatest event of its type in the world (and many feel a better event than the Raid), has been staged for three years over the worst Aussie outback available to route planners pioneering a course between Sydney and Darwin.

Last year, the event encompassed nine days and 7000 kilometres of hell Down Under. This year, to celebrate the Bicentenary, it will be worse — 14 days of automotive outback assault chopping across the continent from a start in Alice Springs, to a brief respite in Darwin, before the merciless trek back to Sydney. (Non-competitive types, including families and tourists young and old, will be able to motor in on seven selected easy courses from capital cities to Alice on what will be known as the Wynn's Safari Prologue. There they will be able to see the heroes flagged away after several days of Alice Springs carnival hospitality.)



You wouldn't do this for quids. Would you?

In 1985, Japan's Mitsubishi Motor Corporation went all-out to win the 7th Paris-Algeria-Dakar event, a trans-national destruction derby staged from January 1 to January 22 over 14,000km of the world's worst terrain (the course for the event could not be dignified with the term "roads"). Mitsubishi spent a reputed $30 million to come first and second. They could, but for the fickle finger of fate, just as easily have come nowhere (anywhere after first is nowhere). In 1986 they did!

In Australia, for this event, the rumor was $1.5 million. Mitsubishi was to do this race on a budget, since it was an unexpected addition to the calendar and one that had neither been planned nor costed into the world rally plan.

It was this no-frills approach to the latest Wynn's Safari that probably led the event's double-winner and guru of world marathons, Andrew Cowan, to take a back seat (literally), shedding his driving suit for the cap and jacket of team manager.

And it was this cut-price Mitsubishi effort that led another major manufacturer into the fray for the first time. Nissan Australia has a distinguished record in motor sport — last year it won the Manufacturers Championship, the prized Sandown 500 Endurance race (for the second year straight) and came within a poofteenth of taking the Australian Touring Car Championship. Its vintaged rallycar, the indestructible Datsun 1600 (Nissan used to be known as Datsun), can still, occasionally, give modern purpose-built rally-bombs a run for their money even after a decade of service.

And lately Nissan had been doing well in off-road racing, a little-known sport in this country, largely because the traditional operators of the sport insist on promoting a horde of nasty little automotive gnats known as buggies instead of commercially identifiable off-road machines such as consumer four-wheel-drives. Worse still, the buggies are technically retarded, uninteresting, unreliable (a fraction of the entered fields finish) and increasingly unimpressive against the more mundane road-based cars, which frequently run over them to get ahead. However, the writing is on the wall, and it will probably be mere months before buggies are beaten outright by the heavier, real-world, showroom-based machinery.

Nissan has done so well in this type of racing that it has won the Australian Championship for Class 7 vehicles (standard four-wheel-drives) three years in a row. It must be said that this is due largely to the efforts of an enormously energetic after-market firm called 4WD Equipment, based in Sydney's wild west where all the real men live.

The firm, and its proprietor, Ken O'Keefe, build special replacement suspension systems for four-wheel-drives to give them more suspension travel and better compliance (smoother ride, safer handling) through any kind of terrain Australia can throw at them. O'Keefe invented this concept right here in Australia, an idea that has been well copied (if rarely equalled) and is now exported to places as predictable as America and as unlikely as Japan and Europe.

So what you can see now is the marshalling of armies: the race-bred and purpose-built racers of the megabuck Mitsubishi team, versus the smaller "semi-works" Ultimate Suspension Nissan team. But this was not entirely a David vs Goliath act, since Nissan injected a lot of unofficial help (eight racecars, support vehicles, crew, personnel, tech help, parts and cash).

At the end of the day, it was Mitsubishi first and second outright yet again. And Nissan third outright and first-through-fourth in the commercially attractive near-stock class. But these results were not without some radical surprises. The Nissan one is obvious — the failure of its favorite son, Siviour, opened the door for quiet and competent Harold Gill, who just kept on truckin' right along to Darwin, third outright, always within touch of the leaders and with a totally unmarked car.

The Mitsubishi surprise was a shock, and a pleasant one at that: the team hot-shots (all of them, and there were quite a bunch) all succumbed to the tricks and traps of the event, while the wily veteran Doug Stewart, 59 this year, team mastermind and father-figure to many, steamed first into Darwin, even after being assaulted early on by a tree, which leapt out suddenly and caved in his off-side hindquarter.

The reward at the end of the day, or rather the end of the nine-day safari, was just Darwin — a welcoming crowd, waved bunting and finish flag, and the certainty of the first shower and beer in an automotive eternity. That plus the satisfaction of doing it.

Some days later, in the mail, each crew member of the 50 finishers (from 120 starters) would get a certificate and a medallion. That's all. There's no money in it. Let's face it. You wouldn't do this thing for quids. Would you?

20 QUESTIONS: CHRISSIE AMPHLETT

The punkoid feral goddess of rock discusses her sexy stage image, who she'd ask to dinner, and why she'd like to be Princess Di in a 36D cup bra.

Born a Scorpio in Geelong, Victoria, Chrissie Amphlett, lead singer of one of Australia's most successful groups, the Divinyls, is maintaining height in the rock-'n'roll stratosphere as some kind of punkoid feral goddess, and spending as much time as possible in the United States in order to put the finishing touches on the course set by the band five years ago. The Divinyls have toured relentlessly in Oz and the States in support of their albums Desperate and What A Life. Inexorably their message is taking root in North America.

So who is Chrissie Amphlett? A hell-cat who howls in tune, or a honey-hearted girl just doing her job well? Australian Playboy asked well-known soapie star and Australian Film Institute award winner ***Candy Raymond*** *to find out. The answer? A bit of both and neither. Says Raymond: "A very private and enigmatic person, Christine agreed to give me her first truly in-depth interview while she was back in Australia briefly to catch her breath after six years which have seen Boys In Town, I'll Make You Happy, Siren and Pleasure And Pain uncoil into hits like tightly wound springs.*

"She preferred to do the interview at my place en route for another night on the razor's edge at the studio, writing and rehearsing, knowing full well that I give good coffee. Amphlett was enshrouded in a huge sweat-cloth jacket with NEW YORK — NEW YORK written all over it, from which her darkly startled eyes gleamed out like some caged beast. She was without make-up or sufficient sleep after a studio session the previous night from midnight until 9am, but for a few hours she agreed to be all Australian Playboy's."

1.

PLAYBOY: At the age of 31, isn't it time you outgrew the schoolgirl image on stage?

AMPHLETT: Well, I'm no longer wearing the uniform. It's served its purpose, which was to get everybody to notice me. Now that's done it's just boring. I've been wearing various leather dresses and tunics and I've settled on a tight, black leather dress. Maybe the school uniform will rear its ugly head from time to time — depends on how I feel.

2.

PLAYBOY: At one stage it was rare to see a female lead singer in a rock band, now it's almost mandatory. How are female singers treated in the industry compared to days gone by?

AMPHLETT: A woman should be judged on her capability and her talent, like anyone else. It's still a very male-dominated industry, which means there are situations sometimes where a female's gotta insist on being heard, but show me any industry short of running ante-natal classes where that's not the case. Sometimes I've travelled as the only girl with 14 men, had to pinch myself to remember I'm a girl. You do tend to end up being like a kid sister or a mum, or else just one of the boys. I've got a lot of girlfriends and I really need to spend time with them, even though I enjoy actually being with men most of the time. What I see feminism as being all about is more of an awareness of the roles the sexes find themselves trapped in. My female friends talk in terms of personal growth and feelings, personal type stuff. I find men don't do that so much. Men might keep me on my toes but it's my women friends who keep those toes firmly planted on the ground.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who are the people who've most inspired or supported you?

AMPHLETT: Everyone you work with, whether it's friend or foe, inspires you in some way. And of course there's my "cross-your-heart-to-lift-and-separate, super-reinforced-with-weld-mesh, 36D cup bra" — I do jump around on stage a lot you know.

4.

PLAYBOY: Would your music be different if you weren't tailoring it for career purposes?

AMPHLETT: The Divinyls have never planned anything. We've never even come in on deadline for records. We record when the music's there, when we're ready. I suppose I've only just begun thinking of what I've done as a career. It's just what I get up and do. So, no, the music comes first and hopefully that leads to a career.

5.

PLAYBOY: Yours is a very sexual stage act. To what extent have you used sex in your performances to succeed and why?

AMPHLETT: My act is about energy and when I transmit that energy, I guess the audience can translate what they receive as they wish, go bake a cake, have a fight, root, whatever. How they translate the raw goods I give them is their responsibility. I've never consciously used sex to manipulate an audience response. My own sexuality is very tied up with expressing myself, with celebrating music which to me is something of the spirit. I guess a lot of our song lyrics relate to romantic strife — do you call that sexual? It's like when I perform I'm celebrating something in myself, in the audience and in music itself that's raw spirit to me. When I'm doing that, somehow my sexuality comes busting out all over. Kinda pure really, isn't it?

6.

PLAYBOY: Still, you do evoke a sexual response from your audience with your "sexuality busting out" as you say. What in fact is that sexuality all about?

AMPHLETT: Shit, I don't know. Sex is something I do have, after all I am an adult. If I evoke sexuality in my audience, well, it's better than evoking hostility or boredom. We wouldn't be here if we didn't have sex, would we? I just like to think of myself as one of Mother Nature's little helpers. I love making love where love is. I've had my wild times but I was younger and more foolish then. . . and enjoyed every bit of it. The difference between fucking and making love is the difference between girlhood and womanhood; it was for me, anyway.

7.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the image of the group a bit of a lie? You portray yourselves as streetwise toughs but aren't you really average middle-class citizens living in respectable suburbs? You project the image of street-stained.

AMPHLETT: No, we're not either streetwise toughs or middle class — we're the Divinyls and how you perceive us is up to the media. After what I've been through before the Divinyls and during the Divinyls, something's rubbed off. I don't know if you'd call it street-stained but it's certainly not middle class. Regardless of that, it really amazes me the way the media seem to set up some kind of rigid class line and suggest no one's allowed to cross it at the risk of being crucified as unauthentic. The guy who discovered penicillin had an upper-class privileged background: does that mean it's a con to give the stuff to some poor street bum who's got pneumonia? Oppenheimer was of the privileged class, too; it doesn't stop his little invention, the atom bomb,

decking the poor right along with the rich. Forget where I came from. It's where me and my work are reaching out that counts.

8.

PLAYBOY: So are you saying that your social impact is somewhere between penicillin and the atom bomb?
AMPHLETT: No, no, somewhere between a high speed blow-out in a Mack truck and the new improved tampon.

9.

PLAYBOY: If you could spend just 10 minutes being someone else, or in someone else's shoes, who'd you choose?
AMPHLETT: Princess Di, but with my tits.

10.

PLAYBOY: The Divinyls are being hailed in the media as possibly the next international sensation from Down Under. Will it happen?
AMPHLETT: They've been saying that for the past four years. I'd like to believe it. Who can ever say for sure? In a way we've already made great international headway, especially in the United States — we're definitely well-known there. When we headline live we pull numbers. The question isn't really, "Will we make it there?" — it's "How Big?"

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you dominate the Divinyls? Could the group have succeeded without you?
AMPHLETT: I would not have been able to succeed without the group. The position and function of a lead singer is up front. I'm a ship's figurehead. If, however, your question is really, "Do I bully them?" — fuck, yes!

12.

PLAYBOY: If you could have any 10 people alive in the world today to an intimate dinner party, who'd you choose?
AMPHLETT: Sam Shepard, Tom Cruise, Steven Tyler [*from Aerosmith*], Chuck Yeager, you'd have to come, Candy, 'cause I know you'd never forgive me if I didn't invite you if Sam was there, Princess Di, James Woods, Paul Johnstone. [*Playboy: Bob Geldof?*] Shut up! This is my dinner party. My mum (she tells good jokes), Frank Sinatra.

13.

PLAYBOY: So who actually are your heroes?
AMPHLETT: Chuck Yeager, he's a hero, yes, I like him. Jesus, Mozart, The Beatles (especially John Lennon), Aretha Franklin, Messrs Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth. Amelia Earhart, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot and Debbie Byrne.

14.

PLAYBOY: The group has a reputation for being difficult to deal with. Record companies didn't want to deal with you, is that true?
AMPHLETT: No, but sure, we're not easy to deal with. Show me anyone who's trying to keep control of their own work who is. We're always likely to be difficult if someone is trying to erode our creative control. You're mad if you don't. I call it sane, not difficult.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's your performance preparation? What runs through your mind during those minutes in the wings before going on stage?
AMPHLETT: I'm always nervous. I suppose the day I'm not nervous will be the day to worry because it would mean I'd become blase. I do stretch exercises and basic voice warm-up exercises before going on. I run through the set list in my mind and think about each individual song, what it's saying and what it means to me that particular day. Each time I sing a song I do it differently. Each night the song means something different to me according to what's going down for me personally at the time. It's very important to maintain that spontaneity, that element of surprise so no one gets bored or too laid back.

When I come off stage I'm as high as a kite. I have to just shut myself in my room then, be alone and calm down slowly. If I let that hyper wave continue up and up rather than make the effort to calm down, I'd feel like bursting after a while. That's a very crucial time for a performer. Lots of performers have gone down trying to use alcohol or drugs to stay at that peak.

16.

PLAYBOY: What does a man have to have to win you?
AMPHLETT: Honesty. I must know I can trust him completely. He must have the ability to communicate on all levels and be willing to do so. He must be able to show kindness and thoughtfulness, to give of himself. He definitely must be fun with a capital F, enjoy taking risks and be adventurous. I must be able to have a good screaming match with him but know that he, like me, doesn't bear grudges. I can't stand a man who just sits there and doesn't react, who thinks he's above it all. I like a man who doesn't think too much about clothes etc, or more specifically isn't vain. I guess it's very important, too, that the man not only loves but really *likes* me. I also like men who can deal with you when you're not well, who don't reel with revulsion the moment you're sick and decide they've got a really important meeting out of town.

17.

PLAYBOY: If the mega rock'n'roll dollars come your way, what will you do with them?
AMPHLETT: I wouldn't know what to do with them; hopefully my accountant would. I'd buy an airship, yes, and go for lovely long, slow cruises around the world. I'd have lots of beds in it for all my friends to come with me, a big stereo and a really good kitchen. On Earth I'd have a farm somewhere where I'd arrange for the breeding of all the species of animal that are currently under threat of extinction. I'd buy a big house for my mother with lots of servants to look after her. She's worked all her life, still works, and I hate the fact that she still has to be doing it. I think I'd actually live in my airship, above the ground. I'd be like a female Howard Hughes but without all that brain damage from all those plane crashes.

18.

PLAYBOY: In your adult life you obviously differ from the run-of-the-mill. How did you differ as a teenager and child?
AMPHLETT: I started in my first rock band in Geelong when I was 14. But before that, as a kid I used to travel the country a lot with my great uncle who was an opera singer. He used to go around judging the opera section in all the Eisteddfods and I'd recite in the drama sections. We'd stay in old country pubs and it gave me the taste for being on the road. We had a ball together.

At 17 I got on a ship and headed overseas. I travelled around Europe and ended up in a Spanish jail for three months. I wasn't actually in there for having done anything. A big Franco-fascist broom just got swept down the street I happened to be on one day and swept me with it. It was three months of bureaucratic bungling before they released me on account of finding no charge ever laid on me to hold me in the first place. That was Franco's Spain. I shared a cell with a fabulous Gypsy woman who'd had her arm shot off in a fight. There were a lot of really scary women in there, especially the Moroccans. I kept on the right side of everyone by drawing all the girls' portraits. They'd be nice to me so I'd draw them. I found singing got me by as well. I'd sing for them or start them up singing with me. I then got deported to France where I sang on street corners to make money because I'd lost all my money in the Spanish jail fiasco

19.

PLAYBOY: What really gives you the shits?
AMPHLETT: Flaky people. People who you confide in who then betray that confidence. Wife-beaters. Being sick. Not having anything to wear. No money. Parking fines. Bigots. When the sound gear breaks down. When a song doesn't work out. When people tell lies about you or misrepresent you. Lazy people. Cruelty to animals. Gossips. Women who live through their men.

20.

PLAYBOY: So how would you like to see life being for you in 30 years time? What would you like to be at 61?
AMPHLETT: A grandma with a whole lot more platinum records.

"Make haste, girls — something wonderful has happened to Mr Scrooge!"

1987 PLAYMATE REVIEW

Take time to peruse last year's line-up of luscious Playmates. Then decide who gets your vote for the 1988 Australian Playboy Playmate of The Year.

ARNY FREYTAG

▲ MISS JANUARY
NAME: Laurie Carr **DATE OF BIRTH:** 11-12-65 **STAR SIGN:** Sagittarius **AMBITION:** To continue to grow and be respected, both personally and professionally.

ROSIE SCHUCKALL

▲ MISS FEBRUARY
NAME: Heidi Fuller **DATE OF BIRTH:** 19-11-65 **STAR SIGN:** Scorpio **AMBITION:** No driving ambitions (yet!) but wants to be successful in all that she does.

POMPEO POSAR/ARNY FREYTAG

▲ MISS MARCH
NAME: Julie Peterson **DATE OF BIRTH:** 29-9-64 **STAR SIGN:** Libra **AMBITION:** To obtain abundance in all aspects of life and to be unlimited.

▼ MISS APRIL
NAME: Chantal Aarts **DATE OF BIRTH:** 21-7-64 **STAR SIGN:** Cancer **AMBITION:** To be a successful international model.

PETER HARROWER/PMH

▲ MISS MAY
NAME: Anna Clark **DATE OF BIRTH:** 19-10-66 **STAR SIGN:** Libra **AMBITION:** To own her own business involving fashion and travel.

▶ MISS JUNE
NAME: Claudia Kopacka **DATE OF BIRTH:** 4-8-67 **STAR SIGN:** Leo **AMBITION:** To be a professional ballerina and travel the world.

▲ MISS JULY
NAME: Patricia Frans **DATE OF BIRTH:** 6-9-66 **STAR SIGN:** Virgo **AMBITION:** To succeed at her work and have a top-selling record album.

◀ MISS AUGUST
NAME: Desiree Brown **DATE OF BIRTH:** 24-6-66 **STAR SIGN:** Cancer **AMBITION:** To play the lead in an Australian film, to travel and to better the world.

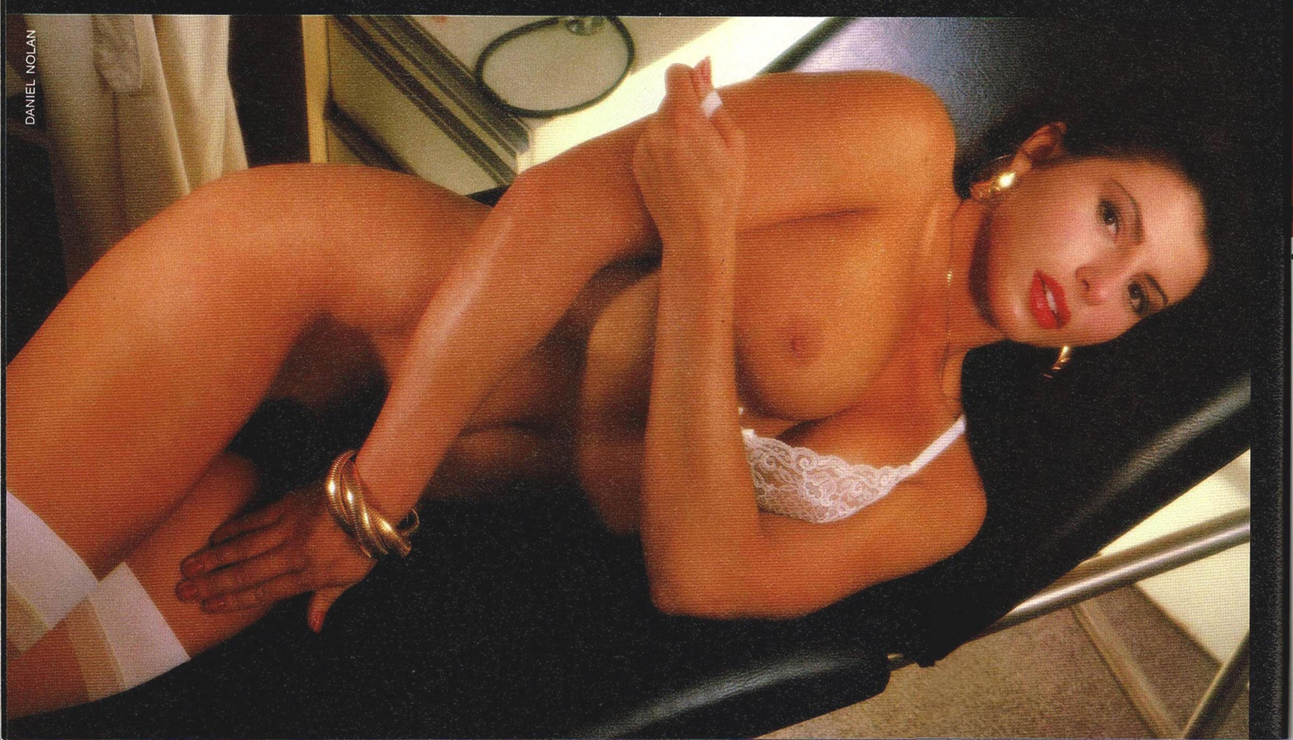
PATRICK MAGAUD

◀ MISS SEPTEMBER

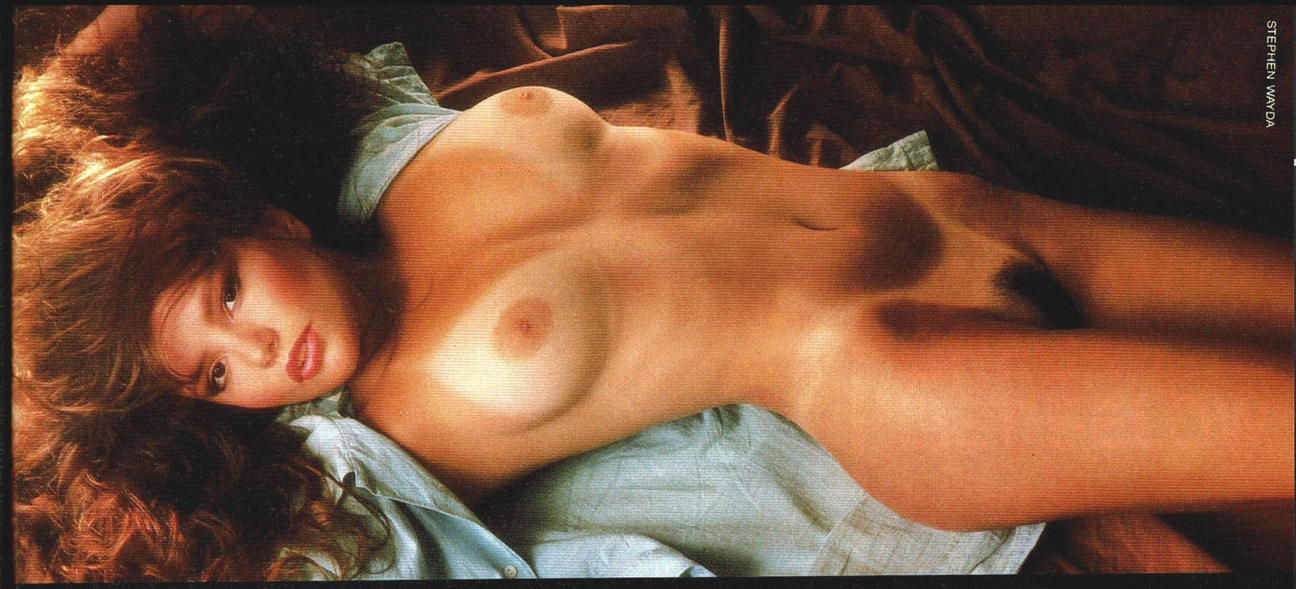
NAME: Florence di Domenico **DATE OF BIRTH:** 10-8-58 **STAR SIGN:** Leo **AMBITION:** To work hard, become financially independent and start a family.

▼ MISS OCTOBER

NAME: Gina Williams **DATE OF BIRTH:** 20-8-64 **STAR SIGN:** Leo **AMBITION:** To always try and do her best by her career and friends.



DANIEL NOLAN



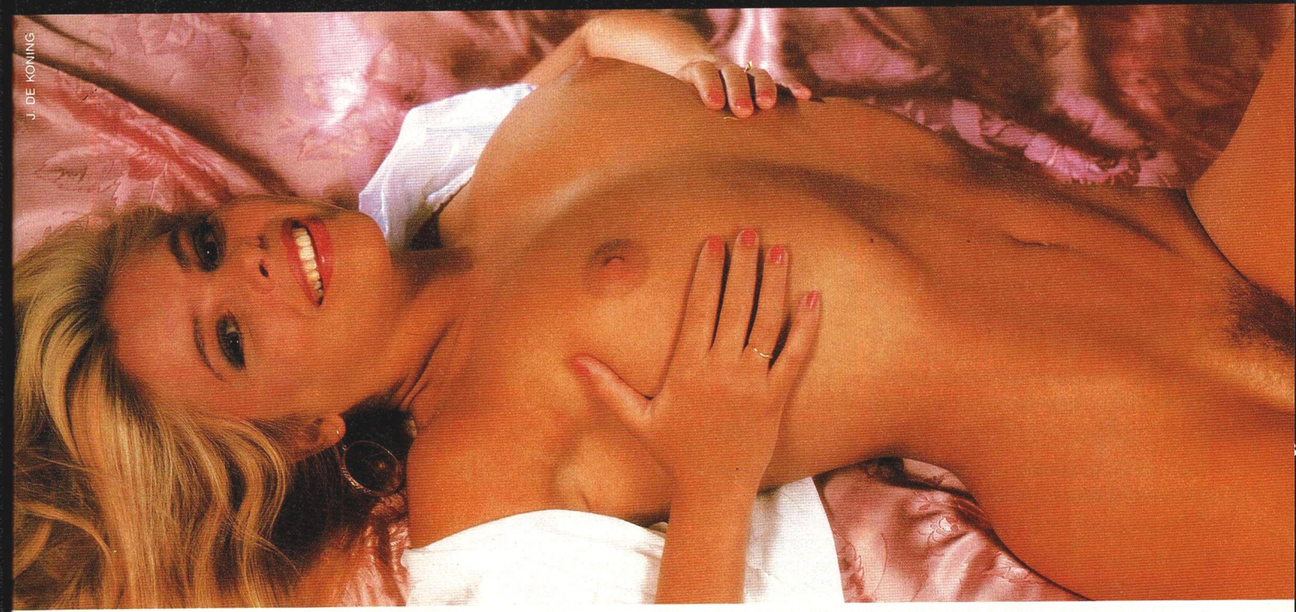
STEPHEN WAYDA

▲ MISS NOVEMBER

NAME: Brandi Brandt **DATE OF BIRTH:** 2-11-68 **STAR SIGN:** Scorpio **AMBITION:** By 1990 Brandi aims to be a *huge* star.

▼ MISS DECEMBER

NAME: Susanne Koyen **DATE OF BIRTH:** 4-9-63 **STAR SIGN:** Virgo **AMBITION:** To travel the world, star in a film, and to own her own perfume shop.



J. DE KONING

VOTE FOR THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR AND WIN A DREAM WEEKEND ON A PACIFIC ISLAND

Record your vote for the 1988 *Australian Playboy* Playmate Of The Year by entering her name in the space below.

My choice for the Playmate Of The Year is.....

CLOSING DATE FOR VOTES AND ENTRIES IS FEBRUARY 1, 1988. VOTES AND ENTRIES RECEIVED AFTER THAT DATE WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. THE WINNER WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL AND HIS NAME WILL APPEAR IN OUR SPECIAL PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR EDITION IN JUNE 1988.

If you also wish to enter our Dream Date contest to win an all-expenses-paid weekend with the Playmate Of The Year, describe in 25 words your ideal weekend together.

.....

.....

.....

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Postcode..... Telephone.....

Post your entry to:

Playmate Of The Year Contest, *Australian Playboy,* PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. (Only one vote per envelope will be accepted.)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Your entry to this contest is only valid if you have voted for the winning Playmate Of The Year. When all votes have been counted and the Playmate Of The Year determined, readers who have voted for that Playmate are eligible for the Dream Weekend Contest. The contest is only open to residents of Australia aged 18 years or over.
2. The winning entrant's Dream Weekend with the Playmate Of The Year will take place at a romantic Pacific island destination at a date and time specified by *Australian Playboy.* All airfares and accommodation costs will be borne by *Australian Playboy.*
3. All entries must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. You may enter as many times as you wish but only one entry per envelope will be accepted.
4. The prize is not transferable and neither is it redeemable for cash.
5. All entries and copyright in the entries become the property of *Australian Playboy.*
6. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be judged on creativity and merit by a judging panel of *Australian Playboy* personnel. The judges' decision is final and no discussions or correspondence will be entered into.
7. The winning entrant shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and allow *Australian Playboy* to use his name and photographic likeness for promotional purposes.
8. The promoter of this contest is *Australian Playboy.*

JONES *(continued from page 58)*

Bobby Simpson: "I doubt that there's been a more courageous innings played in Test cricket."

wicketkeeper, Kiran More, had gone down with stomach cramps. Drink sessions were becoming more frequent. First-aid attendants rushed around, treating several of the fans for heat exhaustion.

Jones concedes he lost several kilograms on that opening day (he was to lose 7kg for the whole six-week tour). But it had been worth it. He was still "in." The Australians had marvelled at the discipline shown by Jones and his teammate David Boon. They batted for four hours without being separated, before Boon lost his wicket in the third last over of the day, for 122.

Jones had already passed his previous highest score in Test cricket — 48 against the West Indies at Trinidad in 1984. Now he had the opportunity to go on, and give Australia a great start.

He awoke in a lather of sweat. It was again uncomfortably hot. He hadn't slept much, but once in the middle again he felt at ease. It was tough, very tough, but his concentration was working.

The Indian attack, still probing and testing, was constantly being frustrated. The fielders started to wilt, complaining about seeing "black rings" in front of their eyes.

Jones crept up into the 70s and slowly into the mid 80s, to be in sight of his first big-time century. But the exertion of batting in an oven was clearly taking its toll. He appeared exhausted and started to listlessly stare at the pitch in between overs. Australian 12th man David Gilbert regularly brought him water and an occasional pill, but he couldn't keep anything down. With his score on 85, he became visibly distressed and sank down on his haunches, unable to prop himself up without the assistance of his bat.

At the first drinks break of the morning, he called for a fresh shirt and, while it was being fetched, slumped bare-chested on the ground, his head covered with the old shirt which was dripping with sweat.

It was no fun now. At 87, he almost collapsed, wobbling off the wicket to be surrounded by the Indian fieldsmen who saw he was in trouble.

"To lose patience is to lose the battle, to lose patience is to lose the battle." He desperately tried to freshen his thinking and remind himself of his purpose. The Australian battle-cry was fading fast.

He boldly struck a four against left-arm slow bowler Ravi Shastri to move to 95 but, before completing the follow-through, his legs wobbled again and he reeled in mid-pitch, vomiting and dry retching.

The concerned Australians back in the pavilion dared not move. Changing seats when a colleague is in the 90s, especially when he's never made 100 before, is taboo. . . even when he's out on his feet.

They relaxed a little as Jones recovered his composure. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve and lifted the very next ball high over mid-on to the boundary. He was 99.

And then, after another drink and more tablets at the end of the over, he reached his 100 with another classic on-driven boundary against Shastri, this time all along the ground. All the Indian players applauded. Several grabbed his hand. Jones, his face white and drawn, summoned the energy to raise his bat to the crowd and to his teammates, who were hugging each other, waving and jigging up and down in excitement.

The Australian journalists in the press box were similarly ecstatic. This was one of modern-day sport's "great" stories — a Boy's Own Annual tale where sheer courage had triumphed over oppressive conditions — and the venerable Indian spin wizards. It had taken him 395 minutes, one of the slowest Test 100s on record by an Australian, but considering the circumstances, it was by far the most memorable.

He was to make 210, withstanding dizzy spells, cramp and heat exhaustion. The Indian attack was slaughtered. His second century came in 164 minutes from 89 balls. Resting between overs and fortified regularly with water, he hit the ball savagely, his dancing feet killing the spin and dousing the Indian spirits.

To ease the strain between overs, Jones said he imagined he was 9000km away in Melbourne, sitting on the back porch at the house of teammate Ray Bright, sipping cold beer.

"I know it sounds funny but it kept me going for that little bit longer. I could almost feel the beer sliding down my throat," said Jones, who finally conceded after 503 minutes, being bowled "swiping from memory". He'd failed by just three runs to surpass the highest ever score by an Australian against India.

Australia's team coach, the legendary Bobby Simpson, said Jones's courage was extraordinary. "I doubt that there's been a more courageous innings played in Test cricket," said Simpson. "Dean was completely gone when he was 85, yet he scored his last 100 off 89 balls, which is unbelievable.

"For me, it's one of the great moments in cricket to see a man with enormous courage just battling his way through the most adverse conditions imaginable. But most importantly, I think he's settled something with himself. Deano has a reputation for being a little brittle in his temperament. That's been totally wiped now. He'll go on to be a very fine cricketer."

Unable to keep down any liquids, Jones was sent to hospital to spend several hours on a saline drip, which provided fluid to his system intravenously.

The match was to finish sensationally, providing cricket's only second tied result. Jones's double century was the shining individual highlight, an innings fit to rank in the cricketing annals among the greatest of all time.

It also appears to be the benchmark in the makings of a legend.

•

The second son in a family of five (four boys and one girl), young Dean played competitive cricket from the age of nine. Like most cricket-mad kids, he cherished an ambition to represent Australia, and the daily backyard and beach "Test" matches with his brothers would be highly competitive and willing. His father, Barney, was a stalwart of Melbourne club cricket for years, and he taught his son to have confidence and play his shots.

"Even in those formative years in the Under 11s, there was something about him," said Barney. "He had the talent, so I set about encouraging him to go on when he had reached 30 or 40 and tighten up some minor faults.

"You can't make them bat like Bradman but you can smooth up and polish the edges — so much has to do with the mental approach to the game."

Dean played R.M. Hatch (Under 14) and W.J. Dowling (Under 16) representative cricket, doing well against boys his own age from around the Melbourne and metropolitan area. He was also a star teenage Australian football prospect. He once kicked 16 goals in a match and one memorable September day played in two premierships — with Essex Heights Under 15s and Under 17s!

He was offered a football scholarship to Richmond, but preferred to concentrate on his cricket and followed his father to Carlton. In the only match they played together, Jones snr and Jones jnr shared a sizeable partnership.

At 16, he was in the Carlton first XI, playing with and against men more than twice his age. He'd also turn out mid-week, where his clean-hitting — even for a teenager — was extraordinarily powerful. Young Dean didn't believe any bowler could dictate terms.

In one semi-final representing the Plastic XI, a band of cricketing journalists and friends who shared — or took — a day off each Wednesday, he made a thumping 180, hitting one huge 6 more than 100 metres on to the roof of Prahran's main grandstand at Toorak Park.

He'd invariably open or bat No 3, want to share the new ball duties and field at first slip. He'd also chatter non-stop in the field,

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at times earning a rebuke from his captain or a defeated opponent.

He was clearly a cricketer of great promise, but it wasn't until he profited from the example set by international standard cricketers Keith Stackpole, a former Australian vice-captain, and fellow Carlton coach John Scholes, that Jones began to successfully harness his abilities.

He scored a century, his first in "A" grade (open-age) cricket. His progress was quickening. He made his State debut at 20, was chosen the following season to tour with the Australian Under 25s to Zimbabwe, and at 23 was in the Test team.

It took him time to establish himself, but his double century at Madras was the start of a golden 1986-87 summer, which also produced magnificent New Year form at both Test and one-day level. Jones made more than 2000 runs last summer, including the Indian tour and his exciting one-day performances for Victoria and Australia.

In January 1987, he hit three 100s in four innings. He made a fourth one-day 100, for Victoria in a McDonald's Cup game against New South Wales. In each of the innings, his imperious driving was a feature.

A Sydney newspaper reader once wrote a letter to the editor suggesting that it was dangerous to field when 21-stone Warwick Armstrong, the between-the-wars Australian skipper, was batting. Such was the force of his crashing drives that fielders could have their limbs broken, the concerned lady wrote. It couldn't be imagined that anyone could surpass the sheer velocity of Jones's drives, not even Armstrong, who was known to have a brandy or two before batting and carried the nickname "The Big Ship."

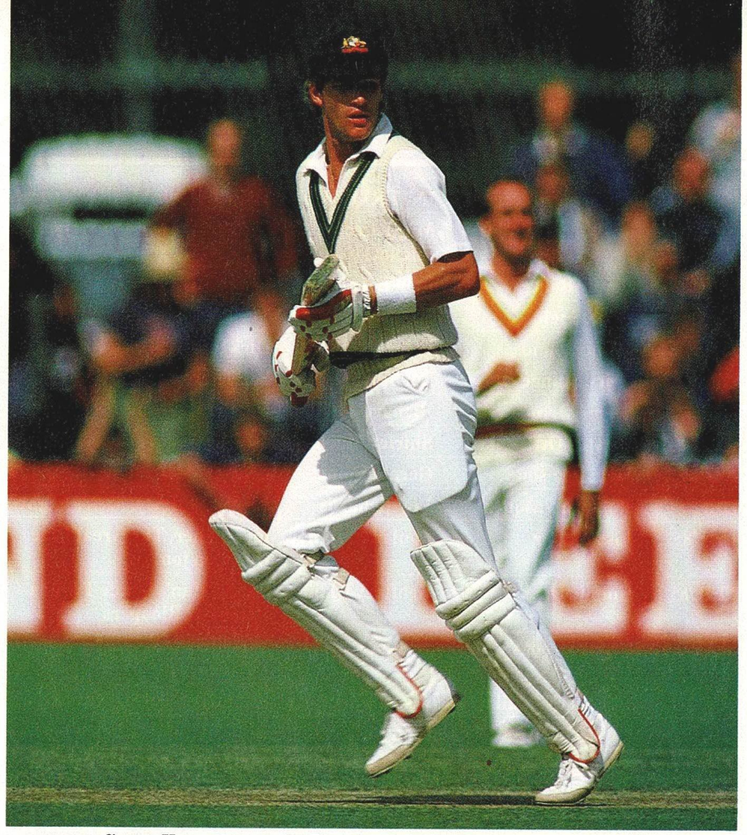
Whereas Jones once conceded he didn't give due respect to a bowler, he does now. "I really try to make the most of it when I get a start now," he said. "I'm also starting to play a lot more of a 'percentage' game, revolving around my own team's needs rather than playing my own sort of game.

"The main thing I've realised is that guys can bowl a good ball. Sometimes I didn't have enough respect for the bowler at the other end but I now know that he's capable of bowling a good ball to you when you're 9, 99 or 159. You have to be wary and be on guard.

"Guys tend to think once they get to 30 they should start playing shots. But it's the time when you have to really start working harder.

"When I was in England for the Rest Of The World match, I was chatting with Sunny Gavaskar, the great Indian, and he said to me: 'A lot of guys like hitting the ball and hitting fours, but I just enjoy batting and all its facets.'

"That's what I've had to realise over the past 14 months," Jones says. "I get a lot of pleasure in hitting fours and sixes and big shots but I also enjoy keeping out a good bowler and making that bowler bowl well at me. It was fun last year keeping guys out like Ian Botham, Gladstone Small and the spinners John Emburey and Phil Edmonds."



Jones: Keen to stamp the Bicentenary Test with a show of authority.

Jones said scoring his debut century at Madras was the turning point in his career. He realised he was not just a fringe Test cricketer and that with application he could perform successfully at the highest levels. "Guys tend to put too much pressure on themselves to get a big score. Once I got to 100 at Madras, I said to myself: 'What did I put all that pressure on myself for?' I worked hard for it, it happened and it was a great moment of my life. It was a great cricket match all round."

A knee reconstruction sidelined him from the final matches of last summer's Shield program, but he made a dramatic recovery and went to England with the Rest Of The World team for the Lord's Bicentenary international in August and to India for the World Cup in September-October.

Australia's 200th year celebrations include the Bicentenary Test between Australia and England in Sydney later this month (January) and Jones is keen to stamp the match with a similar show of the authority he displayed last summer at the Sydney Cricket Ground when he made 184 not out. His current ambition, however, is to help Australia conquer the competitive New Zealanders and Sri Lankans in the Benson and Hedges World Series Cup.

His vitality in the field, coupled with his free-stroking at No 3, has been a highlight for the Aussies. His now-consistent presence in the Test team has enhanced the fielding standard. Skipper Allan Border not only uses him in close-to-the-wicket catching roles early in an innings, but later, out in the covers, one of the "prime" fielding spots which traditionally is filled by a team's best and most athletic fielder.

This year, Jones is keen to further his experience by playing county cricket in England as a lead-up to Australia's 1989 tour of the UK. He will also tour Sri Lanka and Pakistan in the next 12 months.

Many believe this most talented young globetrotter will ultimately succeed Allan Border as Australia's cricket captain. He's captain of Victoria for the first time this summer and revels in the tactics and strategies involved in leadership. He is also affable and a good communicator with the media, necessary skills with cricket taking such a high-profile role each Aussie summer. The Test captain is invariably called upon to grant daily interviews.

Jones says he hopes Border, 32, will continue for some years yet. "Frankly I don't think I've earned the recognition. My immediate ambition is to make runs, lots of runs for Australia and Victoria. I also want to help Victoria win the Sheffield Shield and take the McDonald's Cup," he said.

Of course there are those who say Jones has the makings of a new Bradman. But Jones is a young man in a hurry. He hasn't the time for such speculation — he just wants to put his head down and get on with the job.

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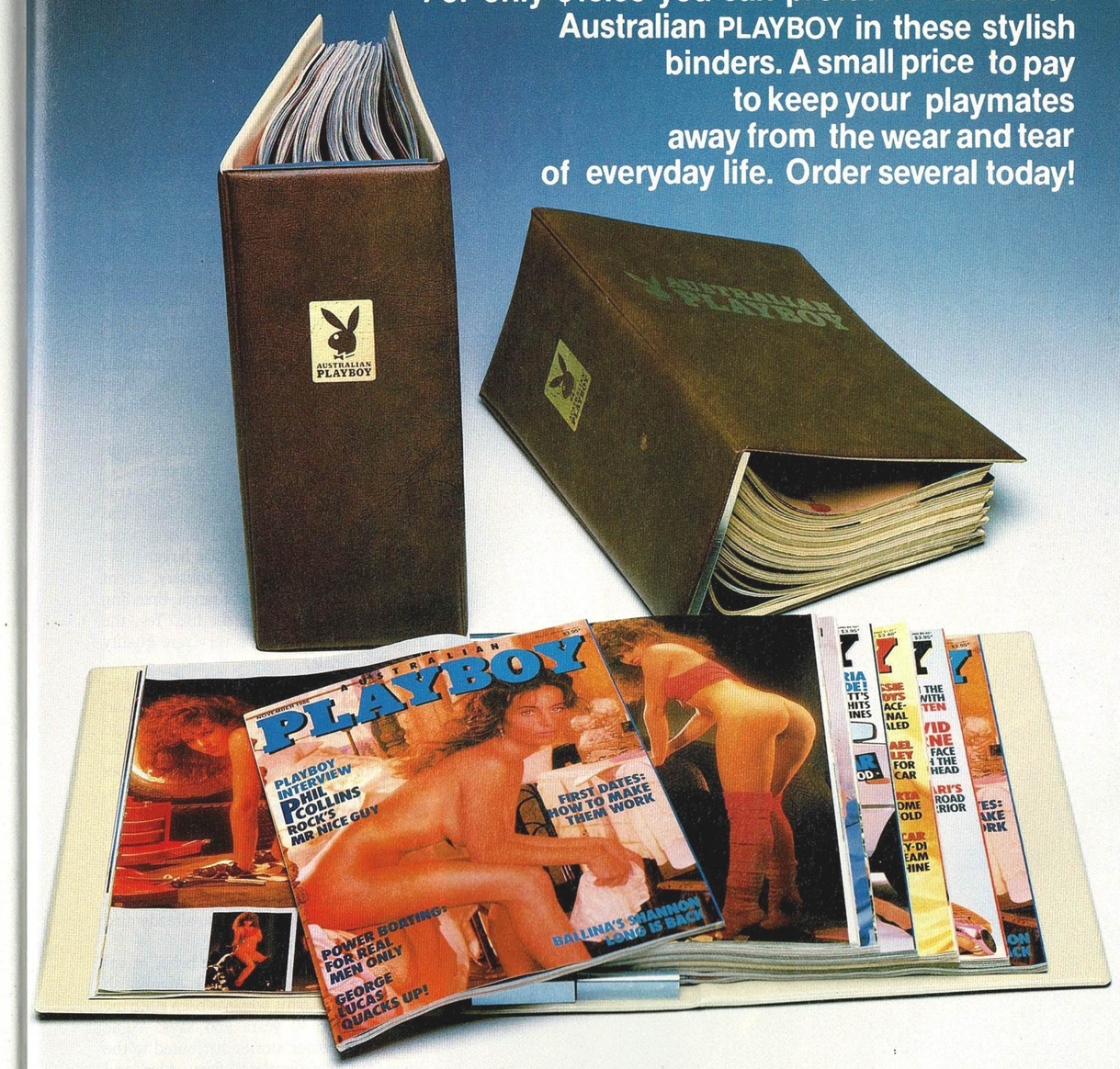
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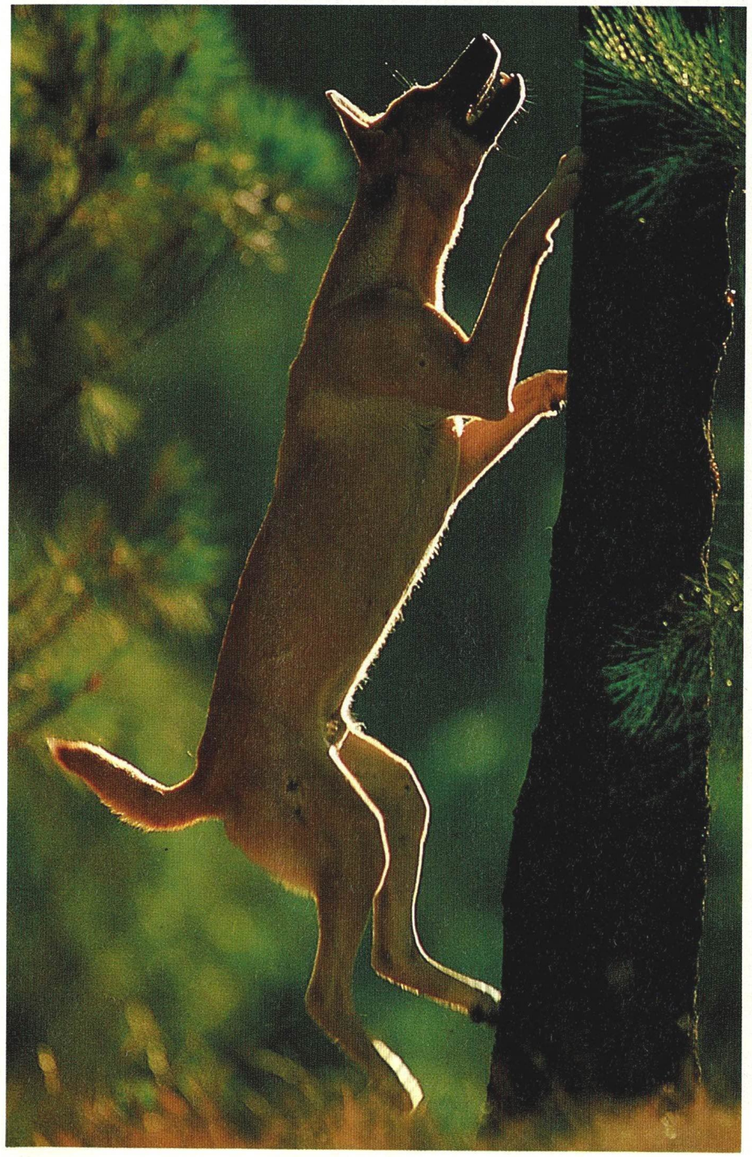
DINGO *(continued from page 40)*

A half-wild dingo accustomed to people could conceivably take food from a tent.



An agile dingo does some bird-hunting.

Brisbane. A mammoth undertaking clearly visible from space, it was dubbed "the wire marvel". But it didn't keep out the dingo.

In 1952 one Queensland grazier lost 900 sheep from a flock of 5500 in just four months. Then, in the early 1970s, a powerful new weapon appeared. This was the so-called "1080 poison" — actually a natural chemical called sodium fluoracetate — so deadly that two milligrams is enough to kill a dingo.

For mile after mile the Outback was sown with poisoned bait dropped from the air. The effect was immediate and dramatic. At last, it seemed, the despicable dingo was losing the war, unloved and unmourned except, ironically, by its own ruthless enemies — the professional doggers who at least accorded their quarry a grudging respect.

There was one other ally. It was a stockman's laconic remark that set Lionel Hudson, a wartime bomber pilot, ex-journalist and film-maker, on the dingo's trail. "Dingoes don't bark, mate," the stockman told him, "they're flat out staying alive."

The result was a book and a film which did much to set the record straight, absolving the dingo from some of the more lurid crimes laid at its door. At the same time, Hudson overturned the long-held belief that "you can't tame a dingo" when he successfully raised an orphan pup in a Sydney garden.

Since then, scientific researchers have further helped to restore the dingo's name by shedding new light on one of the world's least understood animals.

For 10 years, Laurie Corbett and Alan Newsome lived in the desert around Alice Springs, waiting by moonlit waterholes to monitor the movements of 100 dingoes fitted with radio-collars. They found that most had a home range, centred on a waterhole from which they seldom strayed more than four miles. The largest pack was seven. Most animals hunted alone and the rest in twos and threes. Furthermore, their basic diet was rabbit, supplemented by small marsupials, lizards and even grasshoppers.

Scientists agree that the dingo is not a true pack animal like the wild dogs of India and Africa. At certain times and in some areas it forms small groups to chase larger prey; but by preference it is a solitary, silent hunter, sticking to its home range, breeding once a year and mating for life. Yes, the dingo is monogamous: a very rare quality among animals.

Through their contacts with people, dingoes have learnt to scavenge around garbage dumps. A half-wild dingo accustomed to people could conceivably take food from a tent. Like all predators, dingoes are also great opportunists (hence, perhaps, the fatal attraction of baby Azaria), and they will attack sheep and calves in times of drought when natural prey is scarce. But cases of indiscriminate killing are rare. According to Corbett and Newsome, half of the calves eaten by dingoes had already died from the drought.

Their findings bear out the belief of another expert, Professor N.W.G. MacIntosh of Sydney University, who has been studying the dingo for 40 years and says: "The majority of horror stories attributed to the dingo are just farmers' fairy tales and Outback hallucinations."

Slowly, and in spite of what became known as the "dingo baby" case, word is filtering through that it is not such a bad dog after all. Certainly, wherever dingoes have been wiped out, rabbits and kangaroos have multiplied to plague proportions. Already the dingo has been removed from the pest list in the Northern Territory. Once again, in the age-old struggle for survival, the warrigal has its nose in front.

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"Excuse me, is this smoking or non-smoking?"

COSBY (continued from page 36)

I am waiting for somebody in the government to say to South Africa, "You gotta stop this. Period."

of disappointment to you at all?

COSBY: No, because I never cared about being a movie star. To me, that was a gimme — you want to give it to me, fine, I'll take it. That's not to say we don't all have fantasies about becoming movie stars: "Oh, I'm *so* glad you liked my last film. Yes, right now my agent's sifting through a pile of offers. Of *course* I know that Marlon wants to work with me, but I won't even consider it unless we find the right director." In reality, the TV series is exactly what I enjoy doing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you may be too demanding, expecting perfection from others?

COSBY: Oh, I know that everything's not perfect. I mean, I see how people love the Huxtable television family, and then I turn around and look at South Africa and hear my government saying, "Well, we've got to take it easy," and I *know* everything's not perfect. To have a man like Jerry Falwell invoking the name of Jesus and talking about spending $1,000,000 to strengthen South Africa's segregationist government — believe me, I know everything's *far* from perfect.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about US policy toward South Africa?

COSBY: I'm actually embarrassed as an American that our government — the one that's in office now — has done so little to change the situation there. Can't we be enough of a big brother to South Africa to take our younger brother very gently around the shoulders and say, "How do you feel?" Not necessarily "Little brother, you're wrong," but at least say, "Take a look at us. Democracy isn't as bad as you think." Instead, we go over and dance with that brother and we give a clear message to the world that the United States is pro-apartheid. I was shocked that a representative of the Reagan administration went on TV to chastise Bishop Tutu for not attending a meeting with President Botha, who had basically said, "I don't care what anybody else says or thinks, apartheid will remain the law of this land — but you can come to my meeting, Bishop Tutu." Once again, we got my Uncle Jack working.

PLAYBOY: What would you have liked President Reagan to do about South Africa?

COSBY: Why didn't he see to it that somebody in the government stood up and said, "The Reagan administration believes that this apartheid, this killing, is *wrong*, and you've got to clean up your act"? I am waiting for *somebody* in the government of the United States of America, the land of opportunity, to say to its little brother South Africa, "You gotta stop this. *Period.* Forget that you're making us look bad — morally, you *have* to *stop* this!"

PLAYBOY: What do you believe is going to happen in South Africa?

COSBY: I think that in our first *Playboy Interview*, I made a statement about the US in which I said that black Americans would never again sit still for segregation or discrimination. And now, my statement is that black South Africans have reached that same moment in time. If the white South African government decides to kill and go to war, there will be a war. But that government will not be able to hold on to the country *without* a war. Too many black South Africans are now saying, "If I have to live as a third-class citizen under the rule of apartheid, if this is to be my life, then I don't want to live." There's no turning back for the blacks of South Africa. Now, I'm not saying or thinking that South African blacks are going to slaughter South African whites and run them all out of the country and then say, "This is *our* land." I'm only telling you that those people will no longer tolerate apartheid. All they want is to live like human beings.

PLAYBOY: When you spoke about race relations in the US 20 years ago, you were very pessimistic about the future. What are your feelings about the subject today?

COSBY: The same, and it isn't just blacks and whites — it's about what's happening among all people in the US. More and more in this country, we're not able to say the word American for everybody who lives here. Even the movie industry — maybe *especially* the movie industry — commits almost blatant crimes with some of the films it puts out. In *Year Of The Dragon*, one white man walks into Chinatown and decimates the place. This again reminds everybody who's non-white that he can be mistreated — and we're still talking about Americans. For God's sake, if you grew up when I did and you were black, when you went to the movies and saw Tarzan, you were told that you could just drop a white baby out of a plane and by the time he was 16, he'd be running the entire jungle. Nowadays, if you're black, you can go see a cult film popular with kids — and one of the dumbest pictures ever made — *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, which shows that if you just drop a Coke bottle out of a plane, you can pretty much shake up an entire African culture. [*Laughs sarcastically*] Black people certainly are primitive, aren't they? If you want proof, send in a white film-maker.

PLAYBOY: Let's close on your career. With everything going so well for you, why have some reporters written that this latest burst of success has made you difficult, arrogant?

COSBY: It's all about when I say no. It's all about how I look at someone when he knows he's said something dumb and I won't help him out of the hole. It's not that I pile the dirt on top of him and smash the shovel down, but I guess I let people know when I think a question or a statement is rude or dumb or whatever. A woman from *TV Guide* recently interviews me and wants to do amateur psychoanalysis. A photographer from the *Los Angeles Times* poses me this way and that way for what seems like an hour, and I finally tell her I think I've done what she wants. They're going to tell people I was arrogant.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you're accused of not being outspoken enough in your show on matters of race and politics?

COSBY: It depends on the person making the attack. If it's just some neo-liberal who feels I should be a martyr — you know, the kind who says I should take my show, tell everything like it really is and get cancelled in three weeks — that person has no idea what life is all about. And neo-liberals have a great deal of racism in their hearts. Why else would they tell you to go out and get your brains blown out?

PLAYBOY: Who are these neo-liberals — members of the press?

COSBY: That's what I'm talking about, the press.

PLAYBOY: What's your parting advice to people who'll soon be parents?

COSBY: Well, I speak to my son and daughter about heroes, people whom we look up to for various reasons. What is it we worship about a person? What is it that makes that person a hero to you? And if it is that the person is perfect, then you really haven't done an honest job on yourself, because people are not perfect. Edwin Moses is a great track star who was arrested for possession of marijuana and soliciting a prostitute. The TV networks picked up on it, and then came all these discussions about "What are our heroes coming to?" Now, I felt sorry for Edwin, but then I also felt, well, if it's true, am I going to be *angry* with him and not think that he is a great athlete anymore? I told my children what Edwin was charged with, and I said, "I still want you to look at Edwin Moses as a hero." They said, "Well, Dad, how can we after he's done this?" I said, "Even if he's found guilty, are we going to trash what this man has done, which is to win 109 races in a row?" We became fans because he's a man who worked eight to 10 hours a day, punishing himself to get in shape to achieve his dream. We all said, "What a great athlete; what a great man dedicated to achieving his potential." *That*'s what we can say about Edwin Moses. We've got to examine who and what a hero is and how far we, the fans, go putting these people up on pedestals. They're not perfect, but then again, neither are we.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Somewhere, I think it was in an old issue of Australian Playboy, I read that someone once did a study on stroking techniques. Well, I suppose you could call them poking techniques. You know what I mean: "different strokes for different folks". I have often wondered whether it's better to use one sort of pattern rather than the other — quick, quick, slow, or shallow, shallow, deep, or whatever. It's not the sort of thing anyone ever talks about and when I have asked the women I know what they prefer they tend to be very flattering: "Whatever you do is lovely, dear," but never give me any concrete information about what works best. What do you reckon?

— B.W., NSW.

Recent sex literature reveals very little which could be of help to you. In fact, the professional sex literature reveals very little that could possibly be of interest to any normal, hot-blooded man or woman simply concerned with having a good time. These days it's full of studies of obscure diseases, rare perversions, and depressing research on AIDS and adolescent pregnancy.

Apparently there was a study conducted last century by Jacobus Sutor, a surgeon in the French army. Sutor's research was published in *L'Amour Aux Colonies* (1893) and mentions Hindu recipes such as "nine times shallow and one time deep", "10 times shallow and slow, 10 times deep and quick for the Japanese", and finally "40 times in and out will bring the majority of Chinese women to a climax", although the more responsive ones will get off after "eight shallow thrusts and two deep ones". The *Kama Sutra* enumerates nine distinct categories of male sexual movements during love-making. They are as follows:

Moving forward: The Lingam (penis) is moved forward, directly into the Yoni (vagina).

Churning: The Lingam is held by the hand and turned and churned around in the Yoni.

Piercing: The Yoni is lowered, and the upper part of it is then struck with the Lingam.

Rubbing: This is the same action as piercing, done to the lower part of the Yoni.

Giving a blow: The Lingam is removed some distance from the Yoni and then brought back to forcibly strike it. This is known as "giving a blow".

Blow of a boar: This is when only one part of the Yoni is rubbed by the Lingam.

Sporting of a sparrow: This is when the Lingam is deep in the Yoni and is moved up and down repeatedly, without being taken out. This takes place at the approach to climax and should be a playful movement.

Pressing: This is when the Lingam is inside the Yoni and is pressed deep within.

Together pressing: This is when the man and woman press the Lingam and Yoni alternately, without any withdrawal. It creates a rapid climax.

See how imaginative they were in times gone by? Do we have to be stuck with the old in-and-out? What are the movements which modern men have discovered do great things to today's Yoni? Perhaps we can collect ideas for a 1980s *Kama Sutra*. Write and tell me what you have found works best... for you and for her.

My problem would appear to be my own fault. I am 20 years old and relatively healthy. I am hoping you can help me and the hundreds of other males who I suspect are also affected by Peyronies disease, a distinct curvature of the penis.

Since as far back as I can remember, I used to push my penis down between my legs while it was basically or fully erect, to try and hide the otherwise obvious bulge in my pants. I would always twist it to the right and the pressure of my legs on my penis would keep it down until the erection went away. Doing this a number of times a week over a few years undoubtedly had its effect on the way my penis was developing. Being young and naive, I had no idea what I was doing to myself and, even when a curvature became apparent, I didn't concern myself too much. When I was about 15 I can remember standing in front of a full-length mirror for the first time naked with a full erection and my penis was leaning over at almost a right angle. At this point I tried in vain to straighten it by bending it the other way when erect and pushing it to the left side against my leg. Invariably it would only be a few moments before it would twist back to the right, before the swelling went down.

My penis has three distinct bends. The first is at the base, where there is a twisting which is apparent even when non-erect, causing it to hang noticeably toward my right leg. About half-way up, the left side is perceptibly thicker than the right when fully erect, which gives the impression of swelling on the left side. About 2½cm from the head (about where the foreskin would finish if I was circumcised), there is another noticeable bending to the right. All in all, when standing in an upright position, it gives the impression of a progressive curving to the right.

I was never worried about it until my first sexual experience. The girl I was with gave me oral sex while I was on my knees. Her head was bent over to such an extent that she noticed immediately something was not right. It didn't worry her, but it made any sexual position where my penis would have to bend more than straight or over to the left difficult, if not impossible.

Having bought Australian Playboy for approximately three years now, I can recall at least three letters where other readers expressed similar problems with their penises. Your answers didn't say much about cures, rather you centred your answers around comments such as, "It's not the angle of dangle but what you do with it that counts."

I believe I am at the stage where I need a remedy — probably surgical. What can be done medically to correct this problem? How can I find a surgeon? How much will it cost? What are the things that can go wrong?

— M.C., Vic.

I am sorry you were dissatisfied with the information I gave in response to previous letters on Peyronies disease. It is true I have suggested that where possible the curvature of the penis should be ignored, provided it is not interfering too much with intercourse and is not associated with pain. As I have explained before, the reason I give this advice is that the experts have not got very far with finding successful treatments for Peyronies disease and very often the surgical cures available are worse than the disease. So provided your penis can still do a reasonably good job, it is best to leave it alone — particularly as there is a very good chance the disease will just disappear and your penis will straighten out in time. One long-term study of 12 men with Peyronies disease found that after 12 years, nine of the men were very much improved without any

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treatment and four were totally recovered.

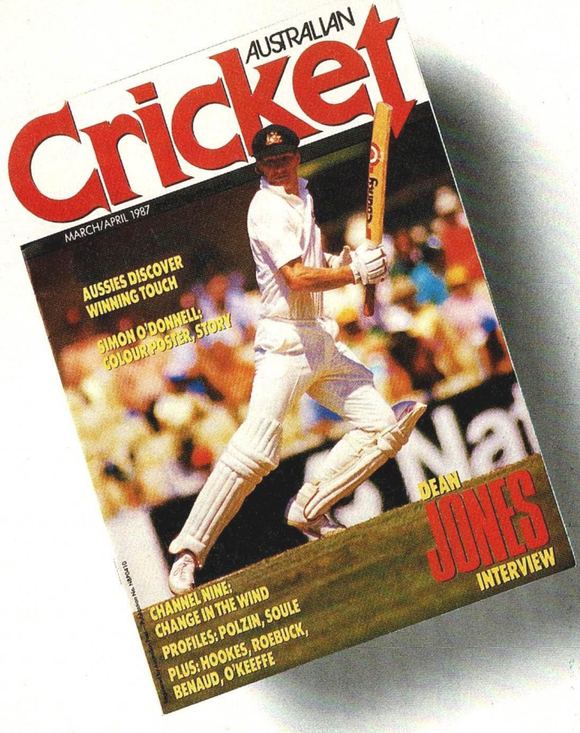
In your case you say you were not worried about the bend in your penis until you noticed your girlfriend had to tilt her head during oral sex. You say she wasn't worried about your penis, and it would appear that you are able to use a range of positions without any difficulty. In this case I do feel it may be best to just put up with the slight inconvenience the problem presents at the moment and see if it disappears of its own accord.

(On this point, an expert writing on the subject of Peyronies disease in a recent medical journal said he believes the disease is far more common than has previously been assumed. I would be interested in hearing from other men with Peyronies, and particularly those who have overcome the problem, either through spontaneous improvement or through treatment.)

Now let me tell you what we know about the cause of the disease and its treatment. Peyronies disease is characterised by bends in the shaft of the penis. Often you can feel one or more lumps inside the penis. These are the plaques of hardened tissue which interfere with the normal erection process, causing the penis to bend in various directions. Usually when the plaques start to develop they are associated with some discomfort which then often disappears. Peyronies mainly affects men between the ages of 30 and 69 years, but many men probably fail to report the disease to their doctors. It is not known what causes the disease. It seems extremely unlikely your practice of bending your penis down between your legs could have caused the problem. Many males tuck their erection out of sight, using much the same technique without causing any harm. Sometimes Peyronies does seem to develop after some extreme trauma to the penis, but it is basically a very hardy organ and withstands considerable rough treatment without damage. Most men develop the disease without any apparent cause.

There have been various attempts to surgically remove the plaque but this often results in permanent impotence. Some doctors remove the plaque and at the same time insert a penile prosthesis to provide an artificial erection. (I mentioned in a recent *Australian Playboy* column a report from an American urologist who places the prosthesis in strategic locations in the penis to artificially correct the bend.) There is also a surgical technique known as Nesbitt's procedure which has been successfully used to correct the bend in the penis. But surgery should certainly be regarded as the last resort in treatment and you also have to wait until the condition is stable before proceeding.

Other treatments have been tried with limited success — steroids, ultrasound, low-dose radiation, even mineral waters. Some patients respond to POTABA (potassium p-amino benzoate) or vitamin E, which are believed to decrease the extent of tissue damage and increase normal tissue repair.



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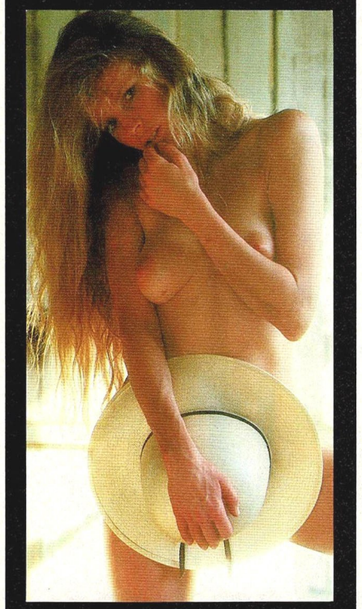

SEXY **KIM BASINGER**, THE STAR OF *9½ WEEKS* AND *NADINE*, SHOWS WHY SHE'S SO HOT.

THE '60s: DID THEY SWING OR DID THEY SUCK?

GOING SOLO: BUSTY **KATE CEBERANO**, EX-LEAD SINGER OF I'M TALKING, STARTS TALKING — ABOUT SEX, SHOWBIZ AND "SELLING THROUGH THE GROIN".

AIDS: IS IT THE NEW ANDROMEDA STRAIN? A PERSONAL VIEW BY MICHAEL CRICHTON.

The doses of these drugs have to be carefully monitored and although some men seem to have been helped by this approach, as yet there is no research showing just who is likely to respond.

You need to see a urologist who is experienced in dealing with this problem for an assessment and advice regarding possible treatment. I would suggest you call the Sexual Difficulties Clinic at Melbourne's Queen Victoria Hospital and ask them for a recommendation. I'm afraid I am not in a position to give you details regarding costs of surgery; your doctor will have to advise you on such matters but, as I have stressed, don't be surprised if he advises you to try to live with the problem. You are a young man and will, I hope, receive many years of pleasure out of that penis, so even if it isn't in great shape it may be best not to tamper with it and risk further damage.

I am 24 now and for nearly 10 years have been totally obsessed with women in tight jeans, so much so that my prerequisite for going out with a girl is that she not only looks great in tight jeans but will wear them constantly.

I feel embarrassed and ashamed that I can be so overwhelmed and controlled by this. My girlfriend complains she feels like a piece of meat and I don't blame her but am afraid that I will lose her. I love her for who she is and not for her body. What can I do about it?

— S.L., Vic.

Well, by picking on blue jeans you at least have a fair chance of running into your obsession on the streets these days. I remember a guy who wrote to me years ago who had immigrated from England. He had a fetish for rubber mackintoshes and complained bitterly that in sunny Australia no one wore mackintoshes, let alone rubber ones!

Seriously, you are right to be concerned about the control this obsession is having over your sexual life. If you go on the way you are, it seems likely you will lose your girlfriend and will find it increasingly difficult to find women willing to indulge you and, as you grow older, you will find it harder to attract the women with bodies designed to look good in jeans. There's a reason why many of us stop wearing them after a certain age! What we are talking about here is a sexual fetish or a sexual attraction toward an object. Fetishes often involve items of female clothing — high-heeled shoes, panties, lingerie, suspenders, leather boots. Many men have some degree of attraction toward such apparel and may even experience some arousal when viewing them.

Your story is typical, although I haven't heard of many men who are hung up over blue jeans. Rest assured you can be helped to reduce your obsession. It is important that you go and see a sex therapist who has been trained in behavior therapy techniques. The therapist will design a program for you to use which will help you learn to respond without the blue jeans. Contact the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT) on (02) 665 6660 and ask them to recommend an appropriate person in your area.

AIDS PROTECTION

As we all become more aware of the dangers of AIDS, not just to the homosexual population, but increasingly to heterosexuals, the debate continues as to which sexual practices are safe, particularly in a situation with a new partner. Condoms are often promoted as the solution to safe sex, but a recent study involving 12 AIDS patients and their partners found that even with conscientious use of condoms, two of the women ended up with the disease. Condoms are usually regarded as having a 10 percent failure rate in protecting against pregnancy, an event which can only occur four or five days a month. It's logical to assume that the failure rate would be far higher if you are talking about year-round protection, plus there's the fact that the virus is infinitely smaller than each of those millions of sperm, and more likely to penetrate. It certainly is a good idea if you are going to rely on condoms to use a spermicide as well for extra protection (although as yet there's no real proof that spermicides protect from the AIDS virus).

Yet condoms could dramatically cut down on the spread of AIDS *if* they were used properly. Unfortunately many young people are now using condoms for the first time without proper instructions regarding *how* to use them. All sorts of problems are now emerging — such as kids using unlubricated condoms (which are usually cheaper) and using saliva as a lubricant, which rather defeats the purpose. The other favorite lubricant is Vaseline, which is known to corrode latex condoms. Then there are stories of people who start off with unprotected intercourse, and only put condoms on just prior to ejaculation. The problem here is you aren't protecting yourself from the exchange of bodily fluids because of the pre-ejaculation fluid which is often released by the man far earlier in his response cycle. Males are also discovering the dangers of not withdrawing immediately after intercourse. Hang about too long savoring that post-coital bliss and the chances are you will lose your erection. Then, as you withdraw, the condom and its potentially dangerous contents are left inside! Don't forget to hold the condom firmly in position at the base of the penis during withdrawal, and then get rid of it.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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